

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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AN OLD FRIEND IS PASSING ON

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BRAVE BOYS OF KASHMIR

THE WAY TO GROW UP
A School of Fifteen Hundred
With a Wonderful Reputation

KNIGHTS OF CHIVALRY

Could a school without rules be made to work? One at Srinagar in far-away Kashmir replies that it does work.

Some thirty or forty years ago an English educator visited the picturesque but very evil-smelling city of Srinagar in the lovely vale of Kashmir. It was a bitter winter, and snow lay on the ground, but he used to see barefoot women toiling up and down the stone steps that lead to the river with huge earthenware pots.

When full these pots were so heavy that the women who had to carry them could not possibly lift one to their shoulders with one movement; they knelt on one knee, hoisted the pot on to the other, raised it to the shoulder, and then with a struggle got upon their feet. He thought it cruel that strong men should leave such heavy work to women, and was told that such tasks were degrading for a man.

A Needed Lesson

One day he saw a woman wrapped in a long garment and carrying two babies. She slipped on the slushy snow and fell on her face, the babies beneath her, right at the feet of three men. Entangled in her cloak, it was a long time before she could get up, yet not a soul in the crowd showed the slightest inclination to help her or the babes.

So the educator decided that the youths of Srinagar needed lessons in chivalry before all else, and he started his school on very original lines. There are no rules, but the boys are told they must behave like gentlemen, and appropriate punishments are meted out if they fail. For instance, a boy who comes to school in a dirty garment is reminded that gentlemen keep themselves clean, and he has to wash the garment himself on the spot.

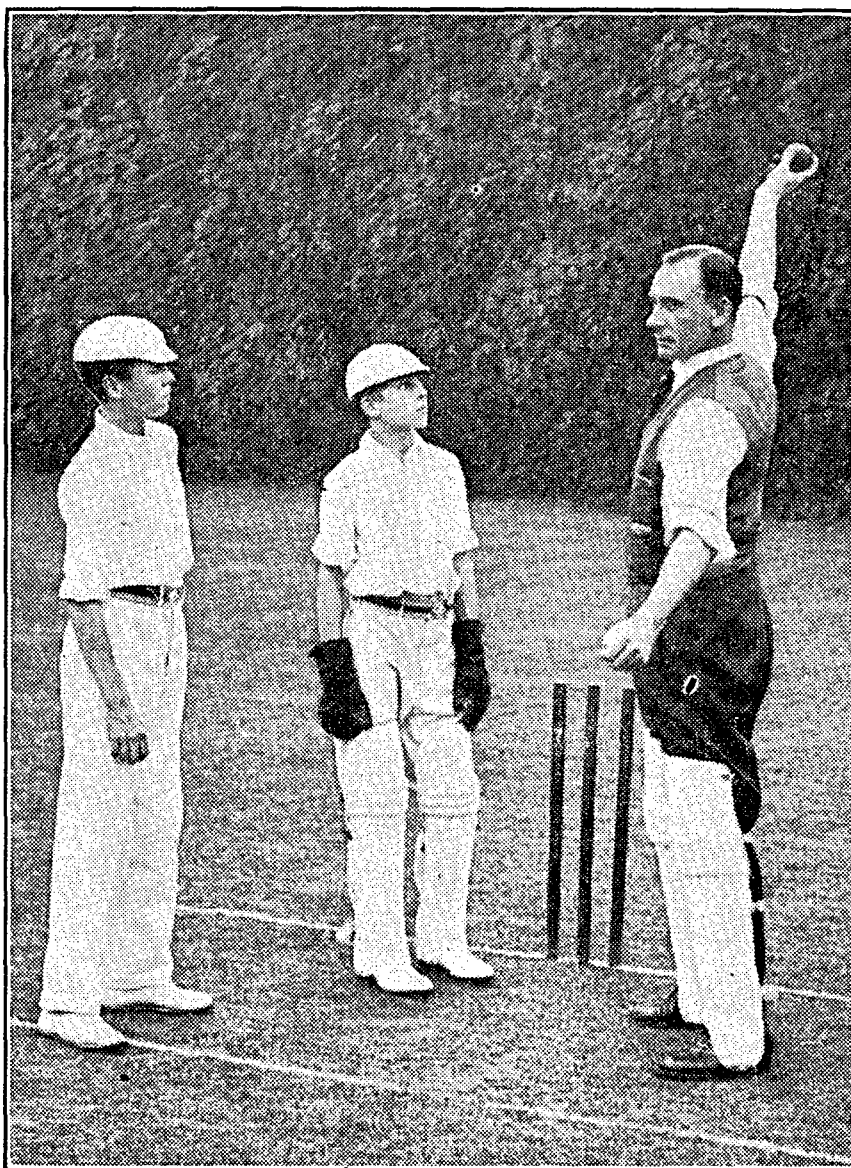
The Honours List

Athletics play a very important part in the school time-table, but the Honours List does not carry the names of the best athlete or of the boys who are cleverest in class. The headmaster says it is merely lucky to be cleverer at lessons or stronger in games than other boys; therefore the names that appear on the walls of the classrooms are those of boys who have distinguished themselves by character alone, boys who have done some brave action or some public service.

A boy who reports his own good deed loses a mark instead of finding his name on the Honours List.

At first Srinagar thought the headmaster was foolish to teach the boys to help women and rescue animals from

The Master and His Pupils



Jack Hobbs, the great cricketer, is here seen giving some hints to schoolboys. The boy on the left is Cyril Fyers of Hillbrow School, Redhill, who took 1020 wickets last season for an average of less than four runs each. He is only fourteen.

ill-usage, but his boys did so well in the Punjab University Matriculation examinations that the parents went on sending their children. Today the Church Mission School is really seven schools, with nearly fifteen hundred boys and ninety teachers, most of them "old boys." They have a wonderful reputation. When anyone in trouble sees the school badge he knows he can ask the wearer for help.

Many a brave deed has been done by Church Mission boys whose names are never known to the world at large.

Last year these boys saved twenty human lives from drowning. The bravest rescue was voted to be that of Ama Kar, who twice dived under a houseboat to reach a child who was a stranger to him.

But other splendid things were done too. There came great floods from the mountain, and a mission boy heard that two ponies would be drowned in their stables. He made his way there, broke down the door, dived to unfasten the ropes which fastened the heels of the

frightened animals to pegs in the ground, and succeeded in getting them out.

On another occasion a boy went down a narrow lane in a great fire to rescue two cows from a burning stable when all others refused to go.

Many times have the boys rescued overloaded horses, or carried loads for women, and they have taken 719 sick people out on the river as a change from hospital. In the past no Brahman would row a boat, for all toil was thought degrading. These boys, whatever their religion, are taught that toil for others is ennobling.

We do not think there can be a school anywhere with a finer record of public service. Yet these young knights-errant spring from people who forty years ago would not even trouble to help up a laden woman who fell at their feet. What a fine bit of building has here been done! It has been difficult and dull and discouraging at times, no doubt; but the builders believe with the C.N. that from the everyday work of the world the millennium comes at last.

1000 YEARS OF GOOD KING WENCESLAS

WHY HE LIVES

The Kind Old Man and the Cruel Brother Who Supplanted Him
SAINT AND MARTYR OF PRAGUE

Good King Wenceslas died a thousand years ago, and still he lives.

The thousandth anniversary of his martyrdom has just been kept with great pomp in the beautiful city of Prague. Cardinal Bourne and many English Roman Catholics went to take part in the ceremonies.

But the memory of the saintly King is far more vividly kept alive every December by hopeful English urchins who sing his story at our doors and then wait for the minstrel's reward.

They do not know the tune very well, and they are rather shaky about the words, though the first two lines are usually right:

*Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen*

After that the rhyme grows confused till the songsters reach the inevitable epilogue:

Please remember the Waits!

The King's Place in History

It is time that the legend should be properly learned and that the place of the King in history and in the service of the Christian Church should be appreciated. The verses the Waits sing are part of the legend that one night, when the King and his page sallied forth to take a faggot of sticks to a poor old man, the wind and the frost were more than the page could support.

But the King told the servant that if he followed in his master's footsteps he would find it less cold. So it was, for the saint's feet had warmed the cold earth through the snow!

But the saintliness and charity which endeared good King Wenceslas to the common people were little pleasing to the nobles of the Bohemian Court. He was a Christian. There were many pagans among them, and the pagan party plotted with the King's brother Boleslas to overthrow him.

A Brother's Treachery

Wenceslas refused to believe in his brother's treachery, but the reality of it was forced on him. Boleslas met him at the church door one September morning and smote him with a sword. Wenceslas wrested the sword from him and flung him down, saying "God forgive thee, brother."

But the retainers of Boleslas closed round the King, whom they slew, with some of his faithful servants. The church was sacked, the priests were driven forth, and Boleslas the traitor seized the reins of power in Prague.

So died the King who had been just and kind, and the Church made of him one of its martyrs and its saints.

A GREAT WRONG PUT RIGHT

GERMANS BACK AT OXFORD

Act of Parliament Undone After Thirteen Years

A GOOD DEED IN THE NAME OF PEACE

We make no apology for returning once more to a subject in which the C.N. has always taken a great interest.

The Germans are to be welcomed back among the Rhodes Scholars at Oxford.

"A little sin of the Great War" we called it the other day, and so it was. Perhaps there is no need to dwell upon that, for the nation that did not sin in the war does not exist.

Two Men Who Knew

And in any case the sin is now to be nobly redeemed. What has happened at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Rhodes Scholarships is exactly what we hoped would happen, and what we pleaded for in these columns the other day. The German Scholars were present at the celebrations, and Mr. Baldwin made the announcement which we had long hoped for, that the Scholarships are to be open to Germans again as soon as arrangements can be made.

There were those thirteen years ago who knew that this must happen. In the autumn of 1916, when the House of Commons expelled the Germans from the benefit of the will of Cecil Rhodes, the voices of one Liberal M.P. and of Lord Hugh Cecil were raised against it. Lord Hugh Cecil did not deny that something should be done, but urged the Government not to tie the hands of the Rhodes Trustees, but to leave the matter entirely to their discretion.

The Codicil to the Will

Mr. Rhodes had left the sum of fifty thousand pounds a year for 160 Scholarships divided among students from America, Germany, and the British Empire. It had been his original object to confine the Scholarships to the English-speaking race, but he came to realise that that was not wide enough for his purpose. His object was to promote the peace of the world, and Mr. Rhodes added a codicil to his will extending the Scholarships to Germany because he believed that "an understanding between these three great Powers would render war impossible."

The Germans came to Oxford and sat with British and Americans there. Then came the war, and a Bill was introduced into Parliament to expel the Germans from the scheme. It was called the Rhodes Estate Bill, and it passed through the House of Commons on November 15, 1916. Only one or two voices were raised against the folly of coming to a decision like that in the midst of a European war.

The First Toast

All that will soon be thirteen years ago, and the other night in the new Rhodes House at Oxford about 200 Rhodes Scholars from the British Empire, America, and Germany were at dinner celebrating the silver jubilee of the Scholarships, and the first toast of the evening was pledged with great enthusiasm; it was:

The King, the President of the United States, and the President of the German Republic.

The Hindenburg Line was forgotten: old Allies and old enemies drank to Hindenburg the President.

In making the great announcement Mr. Baldwin declared that the goal of World Peace which Mr. Rhodes had in view was more possible today than in his day, and the return of the Germans to Oxford would help it forward. The Prince of Wales, who was at the dinner, declared his delight at the renewal of the German Scholarships, and one of the first things he did on entering the

POLAND'S SHOP WINDOW

A Hundred Buildings Full of Goods

TEN YEARS OF GOOD PROGRESS

The new Poland is only ten years old and she was born amid the desolation of war. Yet in that short time she has made amazing progress.

The Republic's tenth birthday is being celebrated this year by a huge Exhibition of all the products and manufactures of the country. The Exhibition, covering 150 acres with 110 buildings, is at Poznan, which was called Posen when it belonged to the Prussians. Everything in it has been made or grown in Poland, and the wanderer through its pavilions soon begins to wonder what there is left for the rest of the world to make.

Here are a few of the things mentioned by a visitor: All kinds of agricultural produce, including sugar, heavy machinery, fine spun glass, heavy cloth, light artificial silk, surgical instruments, gas stoves, artificial flowers, pianos, gramophones, wireless apparatus (with English lamps).

It has all meant hard work and much self-denial. We are told by a writer describing all this that Poland, for instance, drinks less than a one-tenth a head of the beer that England drinks, and that for the Englishman's eighty pounds of sugar a year the Pole of the eastern provinces eats only twelve pounds, and even Warsaw only 24.

The Exhibition is being visited by swarms of children from all parts.

AN EDITOR AND HIS PAPER

Mr. Scott Takes a Rest

After 57 years the Manchester Guardian is to have another editor.

Its old editor, Mr. C. P. Scott, who has guided it for over half a century, has made for himself a monument which, as the Latin poet said, is more enduring than brass. He made the Manchester Guardian. The Guardian was Mr. Scott, and Mr. Scott was the Guardian.

It has been for more than half a century one of the great Liberal papers of the world, not merely Liberal as the word is used in English politics, but Liberal in the noblest and widest sense, in ideas, in ideals, in understanding. It has flown the flag of Liberalism for all the world to see.

So honestly and with such uprightness has the Manchester Guardian fulfilled this mission that it has always commanded the respect and often the approbation of those who did not agree with its opinions.

These opinions have been set forth with power and with moderation, but always unflinchingly. The editor who was responsible for them was a man (again in the words of the Latin poet) strong and tenacious of his principles, and never to be shaken by idle or ignorant clamour.

It was this strength of character which kept Mr. Scott at his post for 57 years. Now that he has laid aside his spectacles and put down his pen, the soul of the newspaper he made will still go marching on, and it will live to see all Mr. Scott's dreams come true.

Continued from the previous column

Banqueting Hall was to shake hands with a German from Magdalen whom he had not seen since 1914.

The Rhodes Scholarships, said the Prince, was a big man's idea, and we shall all agree now that the idea was too big for the narrow vision of the politicians. We need not insist now on what was done in 1916. Let us rather rejoice that the wrong has been redeemed. It is a great people that looks back on the wrongs it has done and puts them right.

EDWARD CARPENTER AND HIS DREAM

A Prophet of Our Time

INTO THE REGION OF THE SUN & THE REALMS OF THE LIVING

Edward Carpenter rests in peace, his day's work ended and the long day done, in the cemetery at Guildford which looks over the valley to St. Martha's Hill and the waves of distant English downs.

To some of this generation he is but a name, but to others (and these are all over the world, in far Japan, in Massachusetts, and New England, even in the villages of the Caucasus) he remains an inspiration, the preacher of the hope of a better world.

He had been young, and a resolute preacher of Socialism when the world looked askance at it. He lived to be very old, and he saw many of his hopes and dreams come true.

In the last years of his life he caught a glimpse from his hilltop of the Promised Land, and he lived just long enough to see a Labour Government in office for the second time.

It had been a dream of his young manhood. Before he closed his eyes in everlasting sleep he might have reflected, though he was too modest a man to have done so, that what had befallen was largely due to the influence of his teaching on the political thought of the common people of his time.

A Lover of Beauty

He strove for justice, he loved beauty, and he wanted all people to have a share in it and make it a part of their lives.

At his grave there was read a passage from one of his books. It describes one passing into the Regions of the Sun:

So at last passing (the great sea stilled, the raging ocean), passing away.

All sorrow left behind; the great intolerable burdens which men vainly try to carry;

All, all abandoned, left there lying,

Suddenly lightened, like a bird that shakes itself free from the limed twigs,

Soaring, soaring, into joy supernal passing:

Lo! the dead we leave behind and pass to the realms of the living.

Not alone—no, longer alone,

But drawing an innumerable multitude with us,

Into the regions of the Sun, into the supernal ether,

With love perfected, bodies changed, and joy—ah! joy on Earth unutterable:

Lo! the dead we leave behind, and pass to the realms of the living.

SHAKESPEARE AT HOME

The Theatre by the Avon

In Shakespeare's town the new Memorial Theatre is rising from the ashes of the old. The foundation-stone has been laid.

It was laid by Lord Amptill in the presence of 4000 people, over whom floated the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The theatre is built by money subscribed by American as well as British people, because Shakespeare belongs to us all.

The tongue that Shakespeare spoke is the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race, the words he spoke belong to all mankind. They are his memorial, a greater one than any can raise to him; but the theatre at Stratford-on-Avon is set up as a token that the world is not unmindful of what it owes our greatest Englishman.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Boise	Boy-zay
Caucasus	Kaw-kah-sus
Landskrona	Lahn-kroo-nah
On	Own
Srinagar	Sre-nuh-gahr

CLEOPATRA EXPLAINS HER NEEDLE

What It Is All About

PHARAOH'S STORY BY THE THAMES

Cleopatra's Needle, the obelisk which has stood so long by the Thames, a stranger in a strange land, is in future to explain itself to all that pass by.

The London County Council has arranged to fix at the base of the obelisk a bronze tablet which will explain all those Egyptian hieroglyphics carved thereon. Thothmes the Third, the Pharaoh who had them placed there so that future generations should mark his greatness, little thought they would be made known to barbarian Britons and to Londoners who knew not Pharaoh.

Thothmes raised the obelisk nearly 3500 years ago in the Temple of On at the time of the third celebration by him of the Sed Festival. That is what the central hieroglyphics on the face that looks toward the C.N. at John Carpenter House tell us.

Hieroglyphics on the front and back are prayers that Thothmes may celebrate many such festivals and that Tum, the Setting Sun, may establish his name with rising sovereignty in the great Temple.

On the face that looks toward the British temple of Westminster Abbey are records of the offerings of Thothmes on the altar of On.

A later Pharaoh, less pious and more warlike, Rameses the Second, added to these inscriptions the record of what he himself had done in great wars.

On the L.C.C.'s bronze tablet this is all explained, and the alien obelisk may now feel that it is understood by its British hosts.

THE PIGEON OF VERDUN

And the Riviera Butchers

France is a nation of gallant and intelligent people, and so it seems very strange indeed when we find this nation doing a sentimental and empty thing.

Many newspapers gave touching descriptions of the ceremony performed at Verdun the other day, when, along with the memorial to the men who defended it, a tablet was unveiled to the Pigeon of Verdun. On June 4, 1916, it was despatched with a message to say that poison-gas was coming across and help was urgently needed. The bird arrived dying, poisoned by the gases, and was mentioned in a despatch.

We like the idea of a tablet to a bird, but we suggest that a better memorial would be the stopping of pigeon-shooting on the Riviera. While Frenchmen amuse themselves by butchering helpless pigeons the unveiling of a pigeon memorial seems an empty gesture unworthy of a nation famed for intelligence and sincerity.

THINGS SAID

The young generation today slips into an age of opportunity. Mr. Trevor Allen

How did the Romans multiply CXXXVII by XLIV?

An Observer Correspondent

We are going to get rid of warlike feelings, warlike thoughts, and warlike symbols. Mr. Edward Price Bell

All great discoveries have been made by men who did their work for the fun of it. Sir William Bragg

I have known what it was to be prosperous today and hard-up tomorrow. Lord Dawson of Penn

Be strong and of a good courage; fear not nor be afraid. Moses

Museums would be better with very large cellar accommodation.

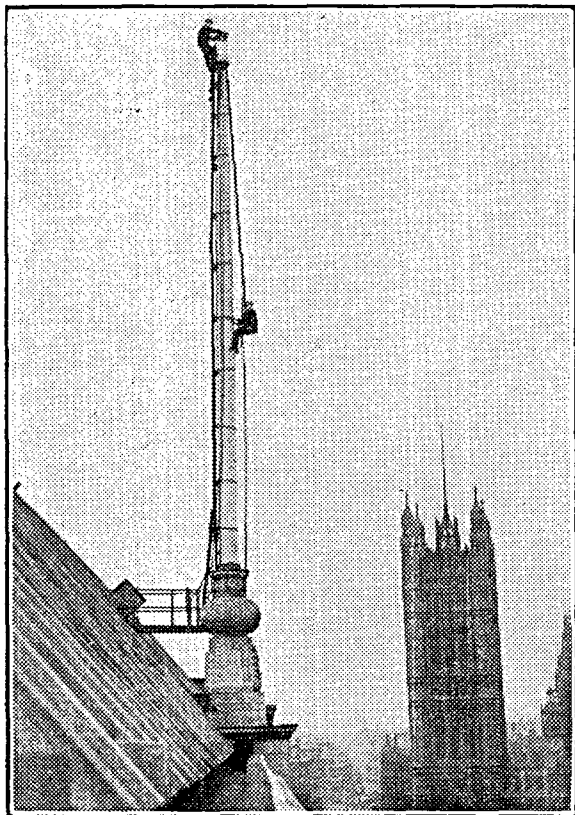
Mayor of Worthing

July 20, 1929

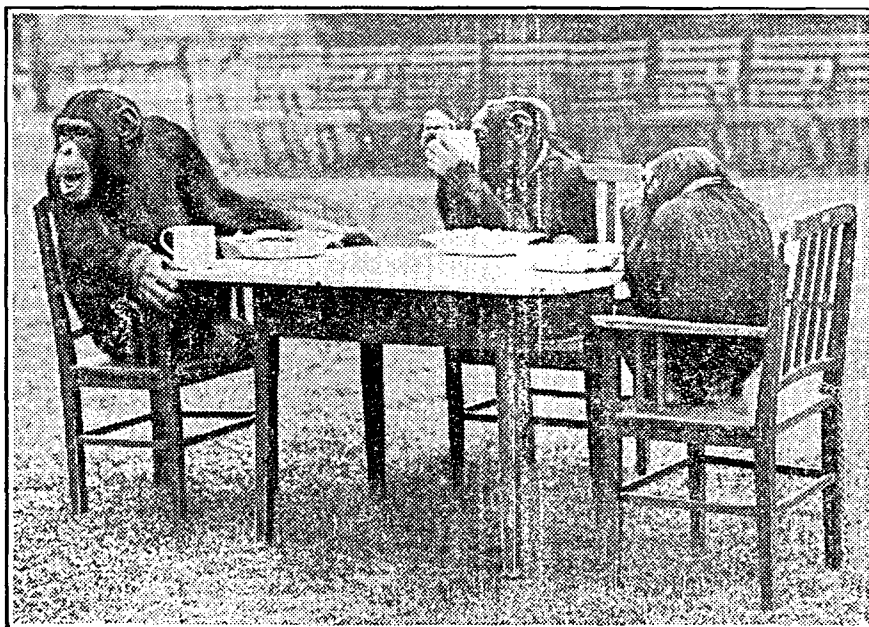
The Children's Newspaper

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GERMANY'S BIGGEST LINER • HIGH DIVING • CHIMPANZEE TEA-PARTY

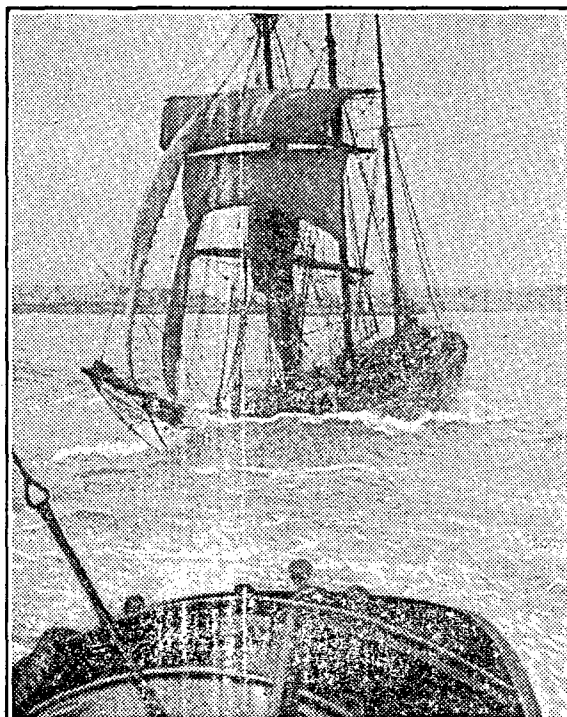
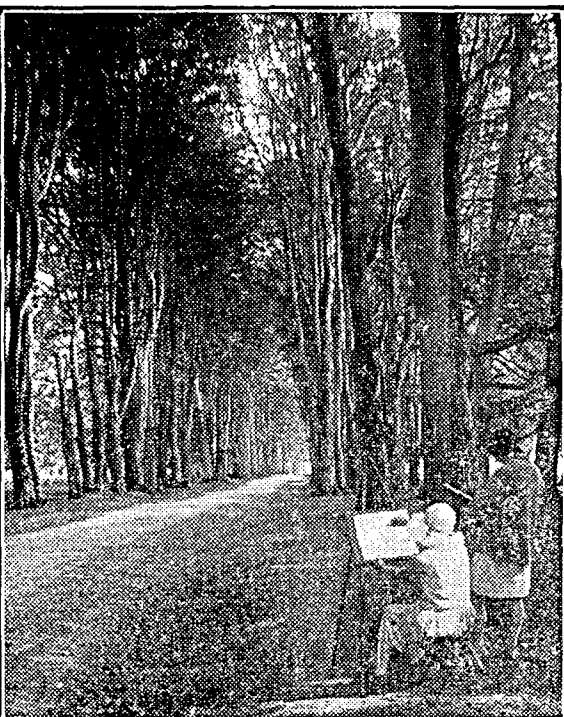
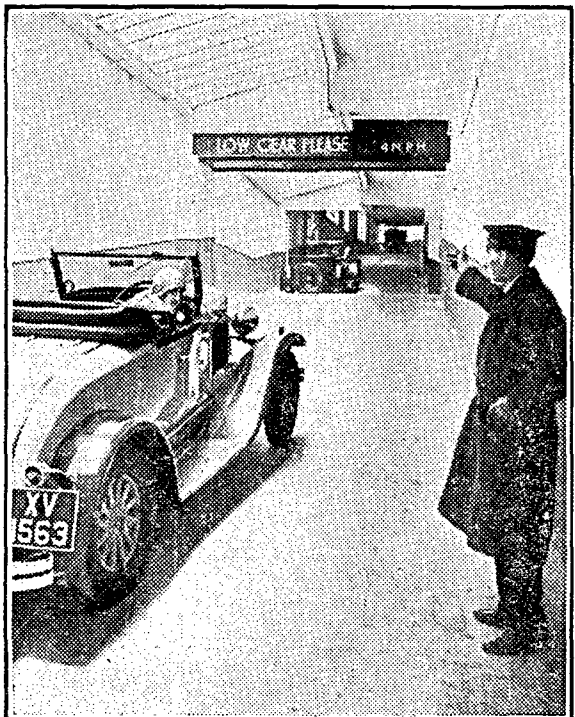


Up in the Air—Here are some people who look down on the rest of the world. The pictures on the left and right show men at work high above Westminster, in one case fixing a lamp to the top of a flagstaff, and in the other repairing electric light cables. In the middle is Miss Marie Baron, a Dutch girl who has come to England to give exhibitions of high diving.



A Giant Visitor—Germany's newest and biggest liner, the Bremen, has been cleaned and painted in the floating dock at Southampton. Here we see her towering above the traffic.

Tea-Time at the Zoo—The chimpanzee tea-parties at the London Zoo have been resumed this summer. Two old friends, Jimmy and Booboo, entertain a newcomer, Peggy. See page 4.



New Home for Cars—A garage for a thousand cars has been opened in the West End of London. The upper floors are reached by way of the slope shown in this picture.

In Nature's Cathedral—Two girls are here seen making sketches of the Grand Avenue in Savernake Forest, Wiltshire. This beautiful avenue of beeches is about four miles long.

A Breezy Day—This is not a water-logged wreck, but a picture of a barquentine plunging into a wave as she was being towed to her destination through a choppy sea by a tug.

THREE AT TABLE TEA AT THE ZOO

The Most Popular Afternoon
Event in London

PEGGY AT THE WINDOW

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The chimpanzee tea-parties, having been resumed to the great delight of visitors, show no signs of losing their popularity.

The parties were suspended because only two of the four original performers were available, and their behaviour was not so good once they had lost their companions. However, so many visitors asked for a party that the keeper tried to train another young chimpanzee, Peggy, to take a place at the table; and although Peggy had been tried before and shown herself to be untrainable this time she was more docile.

Advantage to Onlookers

The new chimpanzee tea-party consists, therefore, of Jimmy, Booboo, and Peggy; and it is no longer held on the Mappin Terraces but on the Fellows Lawn. This is an advantage to onlookers, as the lawn is only separated from the public walk by a low railing, and there is plenty of room for a large crowd to have a view of the animals. So far the three little apes have given an excellent performance, and both Jimmy and Booboo seem pleased to have a new playmate.

Three chimpanzees certainly make a better show than two, and one day last summer Jimmy and Booboo proved that they needed a companion. Shortly before the party was held one of Booboo's admirers presented her with a number of bananas, which she hastily devoured before the keeper saw them. The consequence was that when she sat down at the tea-party she was no longer hungry. And as Booboo refused to eat, Jimmy was so worried about her that he, too, refused, and the party was a failure. The presence of a third ape would have prevented this, for if Jimmy had seen another animal eating he would not have been so concerned.

An Engaging Little Creature

Now that she has joined the tea-party Peggy has become the most popular of these apes, for she is the youngest chimpanzee at the Zoo and a very engaging little creature.

She is so tame that she can be allowed to run about the Gardens; but, though she likes to take a stroll by herself, she would rather ride around on her keeper's back.

Like all her kind, she is full of mischief. When she spent a few weeks in hospital not long ago she was an expensive patient. Above the door of her den was a window. Peggy soon discovered that it was great fun to climb up to it, remove all the putty from the sides of the pane, and push the glass into the yard below. And no sooner had the glazier made the window sound again than Peggy climbed up and repeated her little game!

Picture on page 3

THE MAN WHOM THE KING DELIGHTS TO HONOUR

There are honours and honours, as the saying goes.

Sometimes a peerage is bestowed on a man because he has given time and money to a political party, and then it means nothing to the man in the street, but sometimes a medal is given for something that stirs us all. Everybody will be glad to know that the King has bestowed the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal (First Class) on the Rev. G. M. Kerr, who is superintendent of the Dichpali Leper Colony at Hyderabad.

Not the King only, but the nation delights to honour a man who does such work as that.

THE STORY OF 8000 DATE PALMS

A Tale That Ends at Last

At last the long story of the 8000 date palms is ended.

It was ended in the dignified chamber where the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council sits to hear the complaints that reach it from the farthest corners of the British Empire.

When magistrate, judge of the first instance, judge of the High Court, judge of the Court of Appeal, have all failed to render satisfaction to all parties, the case comes at last to Westminster, where the highest judges of all ponder it.

Thus, after seventeen years of trial and error, Lord Blanesburgh, delivering the judgment of the Council, said the last word about the 8000 palms which were on a strip of land in Madras.

A few words in a deed of possession had been in dispute.

In court after court the meaning of these few words was argued. New date palms grew up. The plaintiff who first brought the case to court died.

One of the dead man's representatives went on for some time. At last he gave up in despair, for the arguments have lasted 17 years.

When Charles Dickens wrote of the unending case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce it seemed more like fiction than truth. But the case of the 8000 palms is a reminder that truth sometimes is as strange as fiction.

A SURPRISE FOR B.P.

These Three, but the Greatest is Love

The Boy Scouts of Denmark thought of it first.

"When the Scout Movement comes of age at the Jamboree this summer," they said, "we want to give the Chief Scout a present."

The Director of the International Bureau heard of it, and said that no one was to give more than a penny. The news flew round the world, but so secretly that the Chief never got wind of it; any Scout who wanted to do so might give a penny, and no one was to be asked to give anything at all.

Well over a million pennies came pouring in. The Scouts of Siam were the first to send their contributions.

The Scouts have now collected enough money for three presents instead of one: a Rolls Royce car, a caravan trailer, and a cheque.

But we think the Chief Scout will like the spirit behind the gifts even more than the handsome gifts themselves. The presents say that the boys of the whole world love him—and what could man want more?

A GAME ON A SUFFOLK RIVER

A fascinating sight met the eye of a quiet observer in Suffolk the other day.

He had made his way through the ripening cornfields to the shore of the Deben, that delightful river which flows between Bawdsey Ferry and Woodbridge. Here a pair of swans, ignoring the intrusion of the stranger, were teaching their tiny cygnet to swim.

Suddenly the stranger's eye was taken by the cries and antics of some swallows circling above his head. He looked again, and saw that they were playing a game, and having glorious fun out of it. One of them had a piece of swansdown in his beak. Flying at an amazing speed, he suddenly let it go. It floated gently in the air, and then he darted downward, caught it, again before his companions could get it from him, and dropped it once more.

This time, however, another swallow caught it, and continued the game.

Was ever such pretty play on a summer's afternoon by the gentle banks of Deben River?

THE ABBEY IN DANGER

A Society to Protect It NATIONAL SHRINE SACRIFICED FOR A CUPBOARD

The proposal to spoil the view of Westminster Abbey by setting up a new Sacristy near the incomparable windows of Henry the Seventh's Chapel has been submitted to the Royal Fine Art Commission, which has written to the Dean of Westminster that it is

unable to conceal its regret that any addition to the Abbey should be found necessary.

In spite of this expression of opinion, which will be shared by the whole British people, it is proposed to go on with the setting up of the new building. The Abbey clergy need a cupboard for their robes, and the Sacristy is to be the vestry where the surplices are kept. One of the rare possessions of our race, the sacred heart of the British capital, is to suffer this indignity to the profound regret of all who love our noblest shrine.

A Wonderful Heritage

If the Abbey clergy will not protect their great Abbey, this wonderful heritage of the British race, there are others who will. A Society for the Protection of the Abbey has been formed, with Lady Worsley Tayler as chairman, and among its members are many people whose sense of the beautiful and the historic we prize more than we prize the desire for a vestry.

They might call themselves The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Abbey by its guardians. Britain prefers its Abbey in its unclothed, unspoiled beauty, and would rather see the Dean and Chapter without their vestments than have the Abbey disfigured.

Deans and Chapters come and go. The Abbey stays. Let it stay as it is.

LOST 50 YEARS AGO The Tale of Caroline Perrett FOUND AMONG THE MAORIS

Among the New Zealand Maoris has been found a white woman, living contentedly, who was lost fifty years ago.

Her name, though she had forgotten it, is Caroline Perrett, and that is what she was called when, all those years ago, she disappeared from her father's farm not far from Auckland.

She went out to mind the cows one day and never came back. One can imagine the grief of her parents, the way every place was searched and every pond and stream examined for traces of the lost child.

The most the bereaved parents could hope for was that she had been carried off by the Maoris. Strangely enough, that is what happened.

A railway had been cut through the burial-ground of Maori chieftains, and the aggrieved natives in revenge bore the white child away. They treated her well. She grew up among them, learning their customs, forgetting her own people and their language.

In time she married a Maori farmer, and had children of her own, and grandchildren. She would never have remembered that she had once been a little white girl if someone who belonged to the Perrett family had not unexpectedly come upon this white Maori grandmother.

In spite of all the years and the change of habits she was exactly like one of her own relatives. It was the recognition of the resemblance which brought the whole story to light.

900 EXILES GO HOME

£100,000 WELCOME

Interesting Chapter From the History of Sweden

MOVEMENTS OF PEOPLES

Something is happening to 900 people of Swedish descent which seems to belong rather to the dawn of history than to our own day. They are returning to Sweden, the country their ancestors left in 1670.

In those times the Baltic countries belonged to a great and powerful Sweden; they are no longer under Swedish sovereignty and the emigrant Swedes are no longer in the place to which their colonising ancestors went.

The original goal was Dagoe, on the Estonian coast, from which, a century later, the descendants of the emigrants were sent on to near the Black Sea. By this time they had passed under Russian government, but they kept together as a little Swedish community, speaking Swedish and worshipping after the faith of their forefathers.

On the Steppes

Still another move had to be made, for the community was ordered to take up its abode on the steppes of the Ukraine, and there they were marched under a merciless Cossack escort, who drove them over 1200 miles in a nine-months journey during which the poor sufferers lost more than half their number, who died upon the way from hardship and privation.

Toughness of fibre and devotion to national ideals kept the remnants in being, and now their numbers have increased again to 900. They have petitioned the Swedish Government to take them back to the land of their ancestors, and their appeal has been answered. They are to be settled in southern Sweden, and a sum of £100,000 has been subscribed for them.

Adventure of the Kalmuks

It all reads like some record from the past, a retelling in miniature of that tremendous adventure of the Kalmuks who, after resting for over a century under Russian rule, gathered together as a mighty race, fired their homes, marched out into the wilderness, and for over a year bore away East, starving, dying, shot down by Russian artillery, speared and sabred by enemies, month after month, through spring, summer, autumn, and winter, till finally 300,000 of them reached the land from which their forefathers had set out a century before.

Movements of peoples such as that have altered the face of the world. That move was to the East; generally such tides have flowed West. Migration from the East and North filled three great European peninsulas, Greece, Rome, and Spain, and each in turn became the most powerful nation on the Earth.

A later tide has crossed an ocean and America seems destined to be the most powerful single nation in the world.

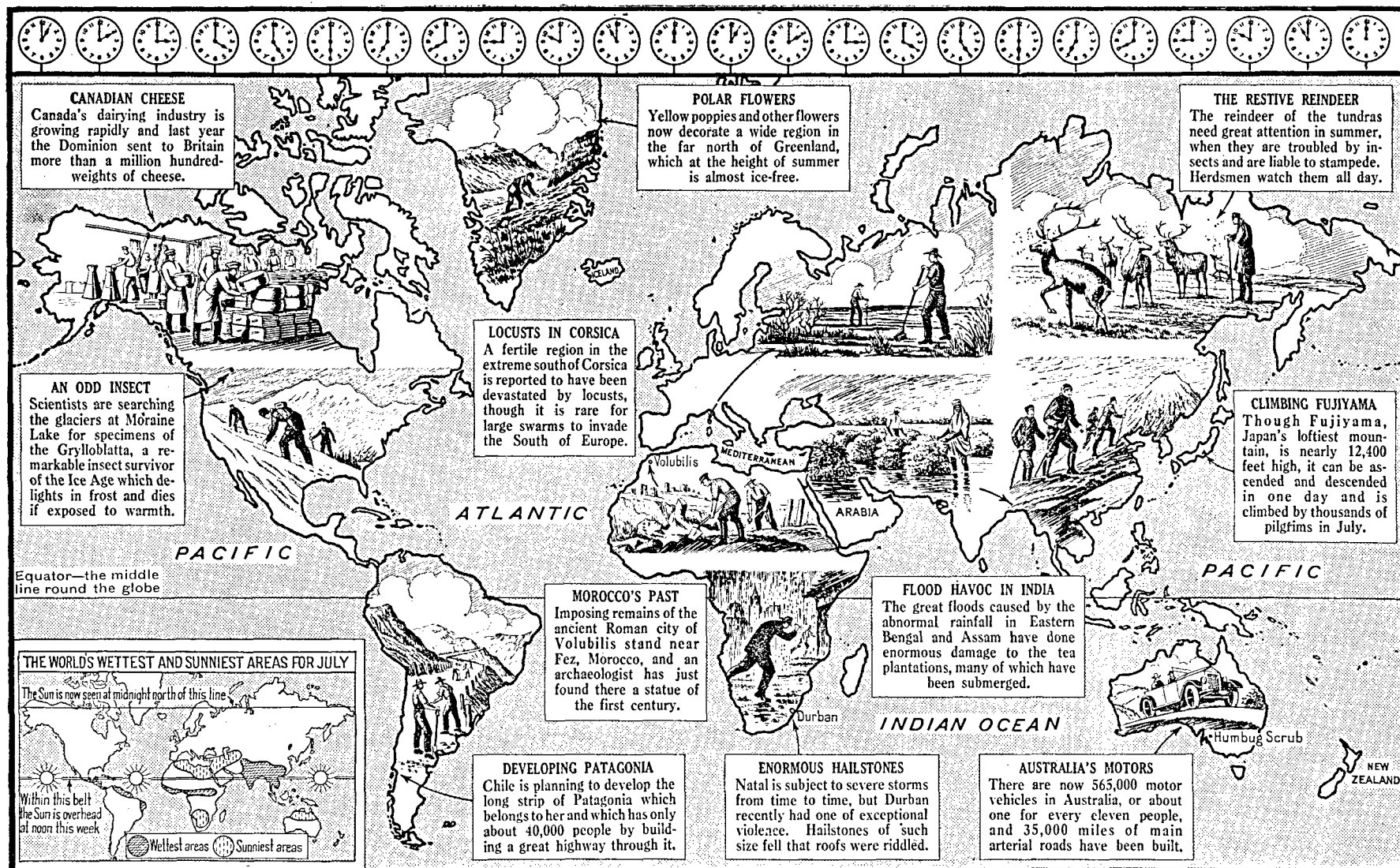
In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Van Dyck . . .	£9975
Portrait by Romney . . .	£8610
Portrait by Raeburn . . .	£8400
Painting by Rembrandt . . .	£8190
Painting by Zoffany . . .	£7350
Three 17th-century bookcases .	£7200
Painting by Reynolds . . .	£6300
Portrait by Gainsborough . .	£4620
Elizabethan silver salt stand .	£3045
Painting by Ghirlandaio . . .	£2205
A triptych by Memling . . .	£1800
16th-century Persian carpet .	£1627
George II silver kettle . . .	£1550
Louis XV settee . . .	£1102

A silver-mounted wooden drinking-bowl made in 1507, from which Pepys once drank, was sold for £2900.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE MASTER BUILDER OF ST. MARK'S

Venice Honours the Memory of a Great Artist

A ceremony of great solemnity has taken place at Venice in honour of the memory of Jacopo Tatti, the Florentine sculptor and architect known as Il Sansovino.

On the fourth centenary of his appointment as chief architect of St. Mark's his remains were removed from the Oratory of the Church of La Salute to the historic cathedral his genius did so much to preserve and beautify.

Sansovino fled to Venice in 1527 after the Sack of Rome. Two years later he was made chief of works at St. Mark's, then in great need of repair.

Sansovino's body rests at last after many journeyings. He was buried first in the Church of San Gemignano; when this church was demolished in 1807 his remains were transferred to San Maurizio, whence in 1820 they were again removed, this time to the Oratory of La Salute.

Now, let us hope, they will abide where, had he been consulted, he would have most desired to rest.

THE CHILDREN'S PENNY A WEEK

Because well-to-do children in Glasgow have been putting by a penny or half-penny a week 6000 schoolchildren from the poorest parts of the city will have a fortnight's holiday by the sea or in the country this year.

There are 38,000 schoolchildren in Glasgow whose parents cannot afford to give them a holiday, and they are just the ones who need fresh air and wholesome food most. The Children's Holiday Camp Fund helps the neediest. The Fund is run by voluntary workers, hard-worked teachers employed by the Glasgow Education Authority, who give their spare time to collecting subscriptions or getting up entertainments for the cause. Their steadiest subscribers are schoolchildren.

PETER LEAVES THE RANK

The Taximan's Friend

The other day someone noticed a little black-bordered In Memoriam notice on a wall near Kensington Gardens. It said that Peter was dead.

Peter was an Aberdeen terrier, well known in Bayswater Road. His master lived in a grand house, but Peter preferred the taxi rank. He loved taximen, and day after day he would join them, no matter what the weather, remaining till the last taxi went home at midnight. No doubt Peter could have had delicious food at home, but he chose to share the cabmen's meals. Every man knew and loved him.

When Peter's master went on a holiday he left his pet in the taximen's care, and then Peter got more spoiled than ever.

This friendship went on for years, till Peter grew older and feebler, and at last his owner said it was merciful to have him destroyed.

Only people who have loved a dog can guess how much those taximen miss Peter. They say no other dog will ever be like him. And they have put up an In Memoriam notice to their old friend.

COUNTING EUROPE'S MOTOR-CARS

Somebody has counted all the motor-cars and motor-cycles in Europe, and last New Year's Day the total was more than six millions.

An American motor census also tells us that Germany leads the Central European countries with a million motor-vehicles, one for every 121 of her people.

Among other countries Czecho-Slovakia has nearly 76,000 motor-cars and cycles, or one for every 260 people, Austria 63,000, and Poland 31,000.

These difficult calculations help us to imagine a little of the world's vast traffic, apart from that of the railways, which is ceaselessly moving over the network of roads that link together our human family.

LIGHTS OF THE BODLEIAN

Why Not Light Up Our Picture Galleries?

When the studious Oxonian goes back to Oxford after the Long Vacation a surprise will await him in the old Bodleian. The library will be lighted by electricity.

So great are the Bodleian treasures in books and manuscripts, so appalling would be the loss if fire seized them, that artificial light has always been forbidden there.

Even the cold gleam of the electric bulb was forbidden, for electric wires fuse. But with the confidence derived from modern methods of insulation the authorities have consented to the wiring of certain parts.

The conscientious student, once turned out at dusk, will be able to pursue his studies longer; and the lighting of the precious Bodleian in this way makes us ask why all public galleries cannot be lighted in winter to enable busy people to see them at the only hours of the day when they have time to see them.

INSIDE A MOTOR-CAR CYLINDER

A wonderful instrument has been made for measuring the rate of explosions in motor-car cylinders.

Photographs of explosions have shown that when the mixture of gas and air in a motor-car cylinder is ignited by the spark it does not go off instantaneously, but travels through the space in the head of the cylinder at a rate of about 20,000 miles an hour.

The rate of the explosion varies, and it is this variation in time which is so important to the engineer in trying to evolve the most perfect type of engine. Actually what is photographed is the shadow of the explosion, which is illuminated by an intense ultra-violet spark; a photographic film, travelling at a very great speed, receives the impression. The camera weighs a ton.

NATIONAL OPERA

Fate of the B.N.O.C.

Wireless broadcasting has introduced grand opera to so many people in this country who had never heard opera before that great regret must be felt at the winding-up of the British National Opera Company.

True the Covent Garden Opera Syndicate is to do something to continue in the provinces the work which the old company has carried on for eight years, but the fact remains that Great Britain has permitted the failure of an organisation which enjoyed and deserved the proud name of National.

The B.N.O.C. was formed out of the wreck of an earlier venture. A splendid company of singers and instrumentalists undertook to run the company on profit-sharing lines. When times were prosperous they enjoyed fair pecuniary returns; when times were hard these gallant artistes accepted mere pittance. But the returns for a long time have been insufficient, and the company has had to be wound up. The best hope national opera has had for many years in England has gone.

It is a striking fact that not very many years ago this country accorded generous support to such hosts of singers that, apart from the London stage, we had four operatic companies running. There were the Carl Rosa Company, still happily surviving; the Moody-Manners Company, the J. W. Turner and the Valentine Smith companies, all doing well. Today but one of the four is alive.

We must accept as true the old belief that grand opera is not a popular form of music with English people. We are truly musical, but grand opera is an alien growth, which will not flourish on our native soil.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 20 1929

Seeing the Thing Through

THERE is a stroke which all cricketers know; it is a splendid scoring stroke if the batsman plays it right through and does not stop half-way. If he hesitates, or is not quite sure of it, he will probably be caught out; if he boldly and confidently plays it through to a finish he will score. It is stopping half-way that does the mischief.

Of course the bowler comes to understand the batsman who is timid and divided in his mind. A wise teacher said long ago "a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways"; or, as the bowler would say, "let me catch him in two minds, and very soon he will be marching back to the pavilion."

Now we are always reminding ourselves that life is a game (a serious game, but still a game) where the same rules hold as in cricket. In life it is not the beginning only which counts; nor is it the middle only; it is the good finish also that is needed if we are to score in this great game. Honours go not to the brilliant starters, but to the patient and dogged finishers. The Lord of All Good Men spoke in praise of those who endure to the end, who see the thing through.

Life is like a game of cricket in this very serious fact. The difference between the batsman who sees the thing through and the batsman who hesitates in the middle is not that one gets four and the other two, but rather that one scores four and the other goes out. In the game of life, whichever way we look at it, whether as a place of industry or scholarship or professional life, the patient man wins and the half-hearted, double-minded man loses. The difference is not between a greater win and a lesser, but between winning and losing. And the secret of it all is courage and patience in seeing the thing through.

One of the greatest of Englishmen, William Carey, started life as a cobbler, yet with the help of others he translated the Bible into 64 languages during his wonderful years in India. Once he looked ahead to the time when other men might write about him, and said: "If such a writer give me credit for being a plodder he will describe me justly. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod." William Carey saw the thing through. He plodded.

Here is an open secret, which is written on the lives of all the greatest of our race. They were great not simply because they were cleverer than the others, but because they could see the task before them and persevere.

The man who wins is the man who goes through to the end.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Miserables

WE have just recovered from the call of two neighbours we had not met before. They thoroughly depressed us by throwing little grumbles like little grey veils all over the room. This, that, and the other was wrong.

How are we to classify these miserable wet blankets? In a new book we find them named as "those who ignore the rainbow or the mackerel sky." This is good; perhaps we shall invite the two gloomy neighbours to a picnic after rain, and wait for one of them to cry out, after Wordsworth:

*My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.*

The Boys of Greece

A WELL-KNOWN writer who has been visiting Greece has formed a very high opinion of the Greek boys.

They are always, he says, ready to be useful, and always glad to help strangers out of little difficulties. They will run errands and make purchases, and will bring back the change of any purchase money entrusted to them. They will wait and deliver a long message to a friend with whom you have been unable to keep an appointment. They will act as guides and conduct you to any place you wish to go to. In brief, they like to be of use, and are ready and willing to do anything for anybody quite in the spirit of our Boy Scouts; and the remarkable thing is that they do everything for nothing, and do not ask or expect tips and rewards.

Such boys are true patriots, for they give tourists and foreigners a good impression of their native land.

Two Brothers

WE like this picture of two brothers who sailed about the world and came home again to one another. It is sent to us by a reader at school in Somerset, where he came upon a grave with a wondrous page of history in it.

On one side was this:

Here lies the body of Captain Toby Marner who, having circumnavigated the Cape and sailed to the Indian and China Seas 22 times, rounded the Horn in winter twice, sailed round the world and penetrated to the 73rd Meridian of North Latitude, came here to spend his last days in peace with his brother Walter, and died aged 85 in the year of grace 1795. A bluff man, a hardy, and a strong, and loved by all.

On the other side (it was a square tomb) was this:

Here lies the body of Walter Marner, who circumnavigated the world with Captain Cook, and came here to spend his last days in peace with his brother Toby, and died aged 87 in the year of grace 1796.

Thank You

Thank you for the world so sweet,
Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for the birds that sing,
Thank you, God, for everything.

To the Litter Lout

A Yorkshire reader sends us these lines for the Litter Lout. They were sung by a High School at Huddersfield on its Sports Day.

Oranges are jolly things growing on the trees,
But on the grass their golden rinds entirely fail to please;
So when you've had your revel
With the luscious fruit of Seville
Don't let the folk who follow sigh *Alas!*
Have some fellow-feeling
About your orange peeling
And gather up your litter from the grass.

Paper can be magic fare printed on a sheet;
But when it's scattered here and there
Its charm is apt to fleet.
Your favourite serial story
Will by then have lost its glory,
So gather up your litter from the grass.

Tip-Cat

A NUMBER of people support lost causes. They seem unable to find any better ones.

A FOREIGNER asks what is the importance of roast beef. Well, lacking it, the times would be out of joint.

A DRESSMAKER declares there is something to be said for the old-fashioned Victorian dresses. Still, it is better not to say it.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



If a glovemaker
is a handyman

MOST women, we read in a fashion paper, have ostrich plumes hidden away somewhere. They know how to feather their nests.

THE art of conversation is dead. Yet the talkies are only beginning.

A PRIMA DONNA likes to sing when she is swimming. Only, of course, on the high Cs.

A RAW onion rubbed on the skin keeps guats off. It also keeps all your friends off.

A FAMOUS woman explorer is going to take a tramp through Tibet. Hope she will bring him safely back.

The Prayer of John Adams

Suffer me not, O Lord, to waste this day in sin or folly, but let me worship Thee with much delight. Teach me to know more of Thee and to serve Thee better than I have done before, that I may be fitter to dwell in Heaven, where Thy worship and service are everlasting. Amen.

From the Pitcairn Island Register Book

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE new Chancellor of the Exchequer is to refuse to draw revenue from betting.

THE Midland Bank announces that it will not apply for sweepstake tickets for its clients.

From the Cottage Window

By the Country Girl

I PITY Sir John, for he lives in a park,
Away from the village, away from us all,
With nothing to see when the evenings are dark,
And nothing to hear but the rain and the squall.

Now we who are lucky we live near the street
With windows all gold when our lamps are alight,
And being a-bed we can hear neighbours meet,
"Well, Jimmy!" "Well, George!"
"Tis a beautiful night."

AND all the day long we see life going by,
The labourers to work and the children to school,
And, just as an angel would up in the sky,
We know who is lazy and who keeps the rule!

WE watch folk in sickness, in fortune, in love,
We know when they need us, we know what to do,
And if we are sick in the room up above
Folk miss us, and bring us their offerings too.

O MUCH we should miss that is pleasant and sweet,
And much we should gain that is dreary and dark,
If, leaving our cottage that looks on the street,
We lived in the mansion alone in the park.

Different Folk

By a C.N. Reader

People are not as amusing as they used to be, sighed a clever doctor the other day. Perhaps we are getting standardised, all the same—like ants.

Well, are we so sure? The writer has begun to keep a book of Real Sayings, and here are some of the sayings, which surely show that people are as individual as they ever were.

By a landlady: I didn't take him up but only a little drop of hot water to wash in this morning, *being Sunday*.

By an engineer's wife: I tried going to the Women's Institoot, but when I got there it was dull; we only had a talk about the Middle Ages and how to make rock cakes.

By a village dressmaker: Oh yes, I'm very pertikler about my cottage. When first this black cat came a-visit-me and stopped all day I was worried about my window-sills. As soon as I'd cleaned them he sprang up and sat there, and made them muddy with his paws, and I says to myself "Do I like clean window-sills or the black cat best?" and I thought I liked clean window-sills; but just as I was making up my mind I saw that cat looking at me so bewitching with his yellow eyes, and "Oh Puss (I says) I do believe you've won, my dear."

God has given us our memories that we might have roses in December.

A PARLIAMENT TO DO THINGS WHY NOT A COUNCIL OF STATE?

Moves Toward Peace and Something for the Unemployed NEW GOVERNMENT'S PLANS

The new Parliament has met and the Government has announced its programme, but only a few small and urgent Bills are being passed before the holidays, because everyone is very tired.

In the autumn Parliament will re-assemble to carry out its big task.

The King's Speech (written by the Prime Minister and read by the Lord Chancellor) has been received with a large amount of approval. The Prime Minister recognises that he and his party are in a minority and that they cannot do anything without the support of some of the other parties, so he asks whether it is not possible, "without abandoning any of our party positions, to consider ourselves more as a Council of State and less as arrayed regiments facing each other to engage in battle."

The C.N. Spirit

It is in this spirit, the spirit the C.N. urged after the election, that he proposes that some of the most important questions to be dealt with shall first be referred to committees for examination.

One of these is the great question of electoral reform—how it can be managed, now that the whole nation goes to the poll, that their real wishes shall be expressed in the composition of the House of Commons. This committee, too, is to consider how the present immense cost of fighting an election can be reduced.

Another question to be dealt with in this way is that of the Drink Traffic, with its appalling ravages on the health and happiness of the people; and another committee is to consider the school-leaving age. Then a Bill is to be introduced reorganising the coal industry and making all minerals national property; and there will be Bills about factories and trade unions and old age pensions and pensions for widows.

The Unemployment Problem

And, of course, there is the pressing question of unemployment. Already Mr. Thomas has laid before the House of Commons a tremendous programme for finding useful work. The State Departments, all the local authorities, and public bodies like the railways and electric supply companies, are to be asked to state the new works they would be able to undertake if they had the money, and the Government will then lend them money to carry out the works of which it approves.

After all the years of talking, we are to get on with the London bridges. That is long overdue, and the Government will receive the grateful thanks of all Londoners for this. The railways are to order steel sleepers at home instead of wooden sleepers from abroad. A goods railway is to be built round London, joining up the various main railways, so that goods going from one to the other need not increase the traffic congestion in London streets.

The World Moves

Farther ahead are great schemes of afforestation and land drainage and the development of fisheries and cotton.

Also, of course, the Optional Clause we have heard so much about is to be signed, pledging us to refer all our disputes with other nations on legal questions to the International Court at The Hague; we are to get on with disarmament in partnership with America; and we are to see if we cannot resume friendly relations with Russia.

So that we are to see something attempted and something done. The world moves.

SOMETHING IS HERE FOR TEARS

RARELY does the C.N. touch on tragedy, but it cannot overlook a story which comes from Vermont, in America, breathing such a spirit of heroism that the tragic loss of life is forgotten in the pride it awakens in those who died.

In a remote country village was a family of newcomers, father and mother and eight children. Tragedy fell on them one sunny morning in June.

One of the boys, Harry, went swimming in the swift river near their cottage, taking in with him a discarded motor-tyre as a lifebelt. It was swept from his grasp and he began to sink. A playmate with him shouted with alarm.

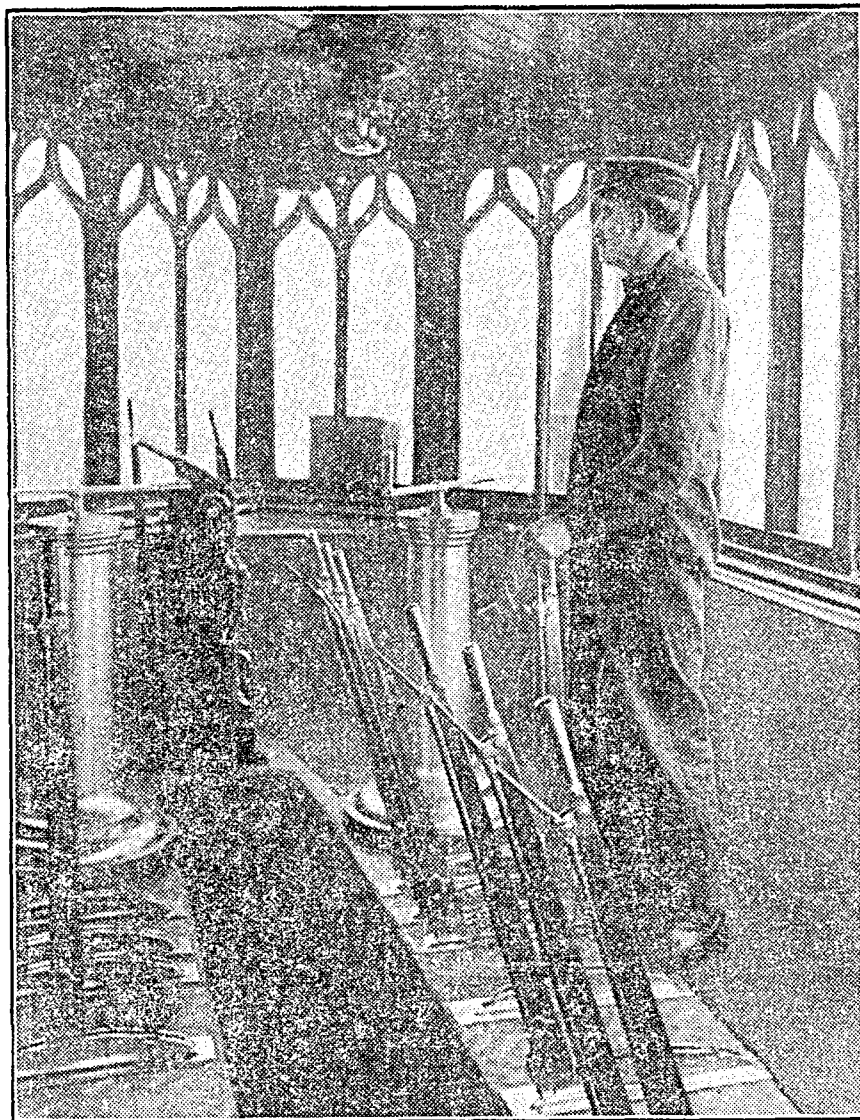
Harry's oldest sister, hearing the outcry, rushed to the spot, and, without pausing a moment, plunged in after

the boy. The swift current seized her too, and she began to sink. Another sister, running behind her, jumped in and was also sucked below the waters.

Father and mother came up as their second daughter disappeared. They followed her. There was only one witness to tell what happened, a little four-year-old girl. "They all jumped in down there," was all she could say; "they didn't say a word."

What can anyone say about this bewildering loss of life except that it might have been less if those who were lost had stopped to think that their lives were precious to themselves? But that was impossible to those brave ones. They thought first of someone else's life, not of their own, and greater love hath no man than that.

THE MAN WHO LIFTS A ROAD



This is not a picture of a railway signalman in his box, but the man in charge of the machinery which raises and lowers the roadway of the Tower Bridge to allow ships to pass. This is done about 5000 times a year, and the machinery has never failed since the bridge was opened in 1894. It costs £3 every time the roadway is raised.

A PERFECTLY TRUE STORY

By Our Country Girl

"SARAH is easily offended," said her master, pulling one of her long ears.

Sarah is a golden cocker spaniel who bounces like a rubber ball and wriggles like a centipede to show her pleasure when a friend comes to tea. After she has been ordered to be quiet she sits down as close to you as possible, looking up into your eyes in such a sentimental manner that you feel positively shy.

But although she has such an ingratiating manner, Sarah is easily offended.

She cannot bear to have her intelligence doubted, said her master the other day. After all, who does like it? Offer to check a schoolmaster's arithmetic, or tell a parlourmaid to be sure that your brown shoes are not cleaned with black polish, and see if they are not offended too.

When her master tells Sarah to sit down she sits, and when he tells her to wait she waits. Sarah has been properly brought up.

The other day the son of the house came home on leave and took Sarah out. He wanted to leave her for some time, so he told her to sit down, and tied her up to some railings.

When he returned an hour later Sarah was still sitting exactly where he had left her, but she had bitten through the leather leash.

It was Sarah's way of saying "I am not the sort of dog that needs to be tied up. Kindly remember on future occasions that there is no need to regard me as an untrained puppy."

And the son of the house was not ashamed to say that he quailed before the reproach in her eyes.

FRANCE AND HER DEBTS

A LITTLE BILL FOR 80 MILLIONS

America's Friendly Refusal to Wait Any Longer

WAR BILLS UNPAID

France, perhaps the most prosperous country in Europe today, has been taking a very long time to decide about the repayment of the money she borrowed for the war from Britain and America, and it has appeared that it did not matter to her how much longer she took. A rude awakening has come rather suddenly from America.

Besides the money she has borrowed, she still owes money to America for war stores she bought after the war was over, during the Armistice. Some time ago her Government came to an arrangement with both Britain and America over the war debts by which she was let off the greater part of them in return for a fixed annual payment to meet what remained. But, though these payments have been made each year as they became due, the French Parliament has never yet ratified the agreements.

The Young Plan

Frenchmen consider that France ought not to be expected to pledge herself to the payment of her debts to other people until she is quite sure that other people's debts to her will be regularly paid. Now at last the Young Plan for Reparations (which takes the place of the Dawes Plan) is believed to make sure of German payment. But the Young Plan has yet to be ratified after a conference among the Governments, and France still wishes to postpone her own settlement with Britain and America until Germany ratifies the Young Plan.

It happens, however, that a little bill for eighty million pounds is due on August 1 as an instalment of France's debt to America for war stores.

America's NO

Some time ago America, as a concession, said the payment of this might be postponed if the general debt agreement was ratified before it became due. France has just asked America if this bill may not be postponed even though the debt agreement be still unratified, and America has answered NO.

That has been a great shock. France is faced with the fact that she must ratify her debt agreement before August 1 without waiting for the ratification of the Young Plan, or pay eighty million pounds down, which would be possible but inconvenient.

Americans think they have been very forbearing, and the rest of the world agrees with them; but France, it seems, is still very unhappy about the situation.

U.S. AND I.L.O.

Mr. Ford Wants to Know

By Our League Correspondent

Mr. Henry Ford, having made such an immense success in America by paying his workmen so that they have enough money to buy his cars, wishes to open up new factories in Europe.

For this he needs information as to the scale of wages usually paid, as to costs of living, amount of taxation, and so on, and he has turned for details to the International Labour Office.

Mr. Edward Filene, of Boston, another American who has made a huge fortune in industry, and who gave a big money prize for the best Peace Essay, read in his newspaper one day an article written by a Geneva journalist describing Mr. Ford's request to the I.L.O. Promptly, Mr. Filene cabled to Geneva an offer of £5000 to pay the expenses of the necessary research, so that not only Mr. Ford, but other employers also, may benefit from the information.

AN OLD FRIEND'S WORK IS NEARLY DONE

MANY times the C.N. has drawn to itself a voice from far away, and how often have we heard the voice of Thomas Bellchambers from his Sanctuary across the Earth! Our old friend's day is nearly over, and the Editor would like to feel that every C.N. reader will read the message that comes this week from the Wild Life Sanctuary at Humbug Scrub.

It is all infinitely pathetic. This old pioneer of England has sown, in a wild field of the Earth, the seeds of the things we

cherish. He has made his piece of the world safe for every living thing. And now he lies in pain, his work nearly done.

It is part of the mystery of things that a gentle life should end in pain. To save him from it is beyond our power; what is within our power is to see that, as his night comes on, some word of love and gratitude should go from us to this old friend of all dumb things. He is anxious for the future of his Sanctuary. He has given the best of his life to it, and it needs a helping hand.

Here is the story of our old friend: who will send him a little good cheer before his night comes on? The C.N. will send him Ten Pounds, and the Editor another Ten.

ALMOST ever since the C.N. was first published it has had from time to time jottings about birds and animals from Mr. T. P. Bellchambers, of Humbug Scrub, South Australia. Now the Editor feels moved to say something very intimate about this remarkable man and his work, which, alas, may be nearing its close. But first of all let us all think a little about what we stand for in the world.

An idea that has always deeply influenced the C.N. is the supreme importance of the British Empire as the most civilising Power in the world. In closer touch with every part of the world than any other nation, and controlling the greater part of the still thinly-peopled lands with a moderate climate, the Empire holds the moral future of the Earth to a large degree in its hands. The overseas parts of the Empire are bound to fill up, and the future of mankind will be greatly swayed by the spirit of the Britains beyond the seas.

The Spirit of Our Race

Will that spirit preserve the love of liberty, justice, peace, and friendly goodwill which, far more than martial prowess and industrial energy, has given the Empire its high place in the world?

When we get to the very heart of the question of human progress and happiness we see that it is the broad spirit of sympathy and love that matters—love for all created things, both great and small.

For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

Once see that, and honestly act in that spirit, and there is an end of all such atrocities as war, of such meanness as cheating, of such an abomination as cruelty; and Christianity reigns.

Well, Thomas Bellchambers, to our thinking, is a man out in the bush land of Australia who is animated by this spirit, and is putting it into operation in ways that cry Shame on those who kill for pleasure's sake. He sees all Nature as one, with man as its understanding head, who should be stirred to pity and sympathy by all the weaker children of Nature; and he sees that to be in perfect harmony with Nature is to be in touch with its Creator. It is a splendid thing to see this fight for universal kindness being waged out there. It is what the C.N. stands for.

The Great Meeting-Ground

Australia is a meeting-ground of modern men with the most primitive forms of ancient men, living with some of the most primitive forms of animal life, in a remote, age-long seclusion. Here modern men have taken possession of a scantily-peopled part of the Earth before they themselves have thrown off some of man's ruler instincts. With the ingenious means of slaughter, of which man is only now slowly beginning to feel ashamed, the modern man is inclined to clear off all the old animal life of the island continent. Sunk in a dull shell of thoughtless habit, he (as Mr. Bellchambers himself has said) "in the name of sport pulls the trigger on any living thing, sees no cruelty in sufferings inflicted on God's innocent creatures, and holds the strange belief that to be callous to such sufferings is to be manly, and to be considerate to dumb animal life is to be unsportsmanlike."

Mr. Bellchambers's life-work has been to preserve under natural conditions, in a Sanctuary laid out by himself, as much of the bird and animal life of Australia as his limited means and help from

public sympathy would enable him to rear, to live with, and to study.

Let us look at the man, and how he came to be what he is.

Thomas Paine Bellchambers left London at 17, in 1875, and went by sailing ship—a four-months voyage—to work on the land in Australia. With him was a boy companion. When harvesting was over they wandered from station to station in the Australian fashion, and eventually drifted apart.

Then, in 1880, a brother went out to join Thomas Bellchambers, but he was not robust and life in the wilds proved too strenuous for him. After his death, the mother of the family, a sister, the only remaining brother, and a girl the mother had adopted, arrived in Australia in 1884. Later this girl became Mrs. Bellchambers.

Humbug Scrub

The family lived the life of the inland parts of the country, chiefly along the course of the Murray River, working for their living at whatever needed doing: fencing, ring-barking, bee-keeping, fishing. It was a very varied experience. Finally they settled in South Australia at Humbug Scrub, where there was a variety of land and permanent water, and where they have continued for about a quarter of a century.

From boyhood through all his experiences Mr. Bellchambers had remained an ardent naturalist, with a spontaneous power of attracting the confidence of birds and animals, and with the quiet patience that is always needed for studying their ways.

Like St. Francis, he talked with the birds and they came to know his voice. He set up a Sanctuary for all wild things that would come and stay. Once he captured a wedge-tailed eagle with a shattered wing, set the broken limb with splints, and kept the bird till it could fly again, after a period of trustful companionship. His study of Australian forms of life has been long and complete. A striking example is his observation of the mallee fowl, the Australian pheasant which hatches its eggs by the Sun's rays in a kind of hot-bed of decayed leaves and twigs covered by sand. The illustrative group of these birds in Adelaide Museum has been arranged by Mr. Bellchambers.

The Dumb World's Friend

Some of the forms of life Mr. Bellchambers has been preserving and studying under natural conditions are peculiar to Australia. Many are connecting links between living forms of today and forms of a far-distant past.

Of course, his work has drawn attention from far and near. He has written of his observations and his travels of inquiry for Australian newspapers, and for the C.N. and My Magazine. But his influence has probably been most widely and vitally felt in the appeals he has made for a sympathetic appreciation of the dumb animal world around us and the lovely ways in which it seeks to find expression, as in the song of birds and the pathetic fidelity with which animals serve the human beings they trust and love. Through love of animals humans, young and old, can be led into a right feeling toward all created things, and in this fine culture of the heart Mr. Bellchambers has been a veritable apostle. It is this that has linked him closely with the C.N., and that explains the following touching letter just received by the Editor.

Wild Life Sanctuary,
Humbug Scrub,
South Australia.

May 16, 1929.

Dear Friend, yet something more than friend.

That word cannot wholly express the bond that exists between us. The same Power that filled your heart with love and pity for God's creatures, that opened your eyes to the wisdom and the beauty of Creation, that gave you the will and the power to fight for a nobler humanity, made us something more than friends. It made us brothers.

My lot in the forefront of the battle strenuous, full of hardships and disappointments, exposing hidden abuses, has won enemies as well as friends; but all the time, even when suffering hunger and thirst in the wildest spots, I have glimpsed the glories of God's wonderful Creation, and have learned something of His all-embracing love and pity, something of the harmony of perfect law. "For there is a Power that works in Nature and makes it a living whole, and not a mere aggregate of living things." Infinite wisdom, infinite love, are met by every sentient being with infinite trust, for all creatures in a state of nature live by faith.

Looked at through the eye of Nature no finite mind can grasp the full meaning of God, for God must be nothing less than the Soul of the Universe.

Now, brother in this work, let me whisper in your ear. *I am journeying toward that greater mystery.* They tell me I am suffering from an incurable disease. It is a malignant inward growth. I have been suffering a great deal, but today I am easier, so I am writing to you.

If mortal spirit can claim that privilege, I do hope some little niche reserved for me will give me, hereafter, the joy of service and a wider vision.

Naturally, I am worried about the future of the Sanctuary. I should like to rest assured that it will be made a permanent institution.

You have helped me much in the past, and it may be in your power to help my work materially in the future.

One of the problems is that this property has to be worked for dual purposes. First there is a small farm. We keep a few sheep, about a hundred. Then we have bees, and a fruit garden, and every few years we strip wattle bark. This provides us with a bare living. Our present bank balance is £52. This has to carry us on until shearing. Just now drought conditions are severe, and as we cannot afford to feed the sheep they have to live on the coarse bush growths.

We have given up the better parts of our cleared lands to the native birds and animals.

Sanctuary expenses are steadily increasing. We get no assistance from the Government, but we get some from private subscriptions. Our Visitors Fund shows £65 5s. 7d. The Nature Lovers League stands at about £150.

A considerable portion of these amounts is now required for improvements. I am not able to work now, and wages are very high, and so far I cannot get the work done.

We shall now have a yearly surplus stock for disposal (for stocking other Reserves and Sanctuaries); but Government restrictions seem to bar this outlet.

Much of our own small income has been expended on Sanctuary work. In area we hold a little over 200 acres, about half of which is freehold.

I chose this site for the work 24 years ago, but our holding then was only 18 acres. I have spent about £1000 on the property since then.

The only recompense for the work of the Sanctuary I have received was a £50 legacy from an unknown friend for my services to science.

How different, dear friend, has your lot been from mine, and yet it was the same Hand that led. You wield a most wonderful power for good. Your influence is world-wide. I have longed to meet you, but this may not be.

I am grateful for your helpful friendship, and I want you to continue that friendship to my son. He is now carrying on the active duties of this place, and the responsibilities are great for his young shoulders—a constant tie until such time as further assistance can be procured.

Recently, for the purpose of adding to our Sanctuary funds and keeping our ideals before the public, the local committee of our Nature Lovers League have issued a button badge which sells at a shilling. My idea is that new branches forming in any part of the world might make use of this button as an aid to their funds. I will post you one. The design is mine.

It would please me if the Society could get a start in the dear Homeland. Can you give it a start in the C.N.?

I am weary and in pain, so must draw this letter to a close.

Yours most sincerely,

T. P. BELLCHAMBERS.

What Will You Do?

What can the Editor do better than to lay before his readers this letter exactly as it is, so simple, manly, dutiful, and brave, holding on to a good work to the very end and beyond the end of this life?

We fear we must leave for Australia the question of the Nature Lovers League, for of societies there is no end, and all countries must support their own. But space is no divider of hearts, and there are things we all can do to help each other.

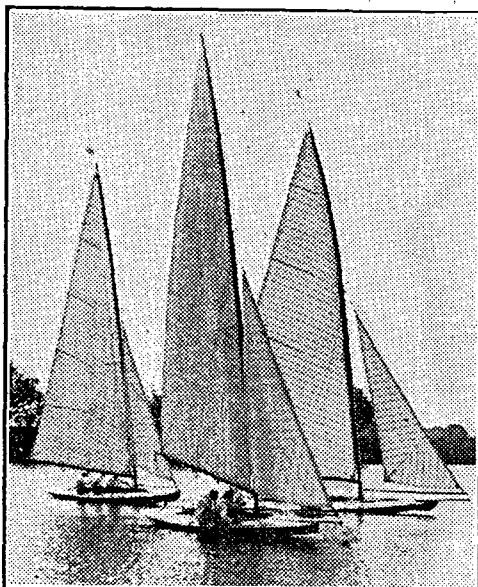
South Australia is far away, about as far away as it can be on the Earth, but from it comes the call of a man who has fought a good fight, who has almost finished his course; and if his appeal touches the hearts of any of our readers till they feel that they would like to cheer his heart by helping on his work for the love that yet will rule the world, the Editor of the C.N. will make himself responsible for seeing that this lofty-minded disciple of the Master receives at the earliest moment any contribution that may be sent to the C.N. office.

July 20, 1929

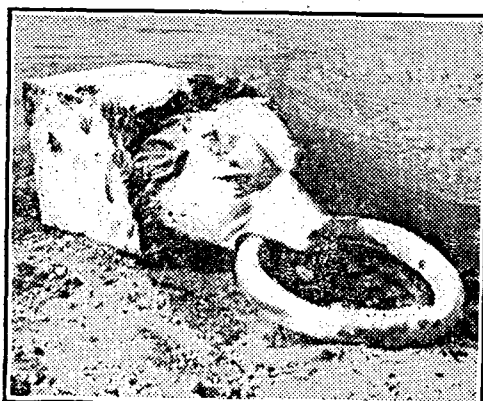
The Children's Newspaper

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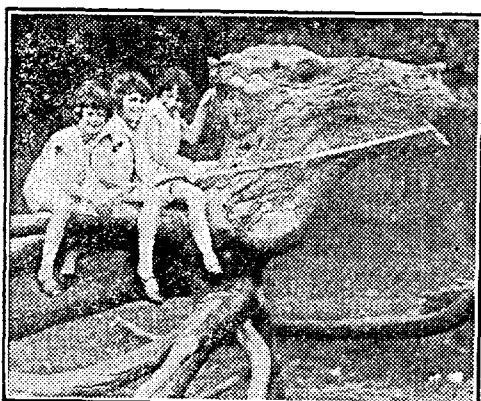
CALIGULA'S FOX · THOMAS BELLCHAMBERS AT HOME · LIFTING AN ENGINE



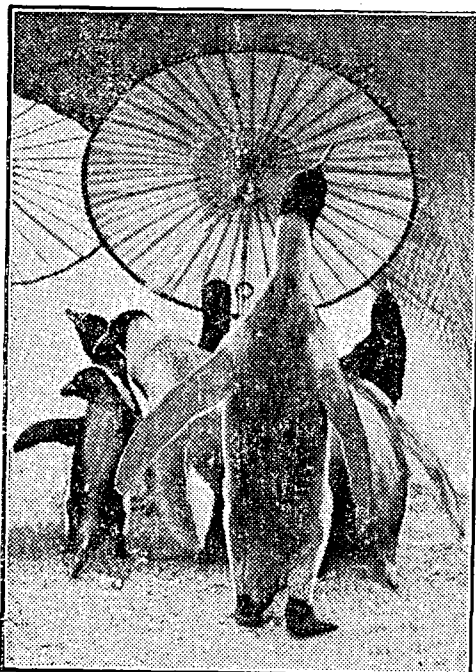
Sailing on the Thames—This picture shows three sailing-boats during a close race for a challenge cup at Bourne End on the Upper Thames.



From the Emperor's Galley—This fox's head with a mooring ring is one of the interesting objects recovered from the Emperor Caligula's galley, which has been brought to light after lying 1800 years at the bottom of Lake Nemi, near Rome.



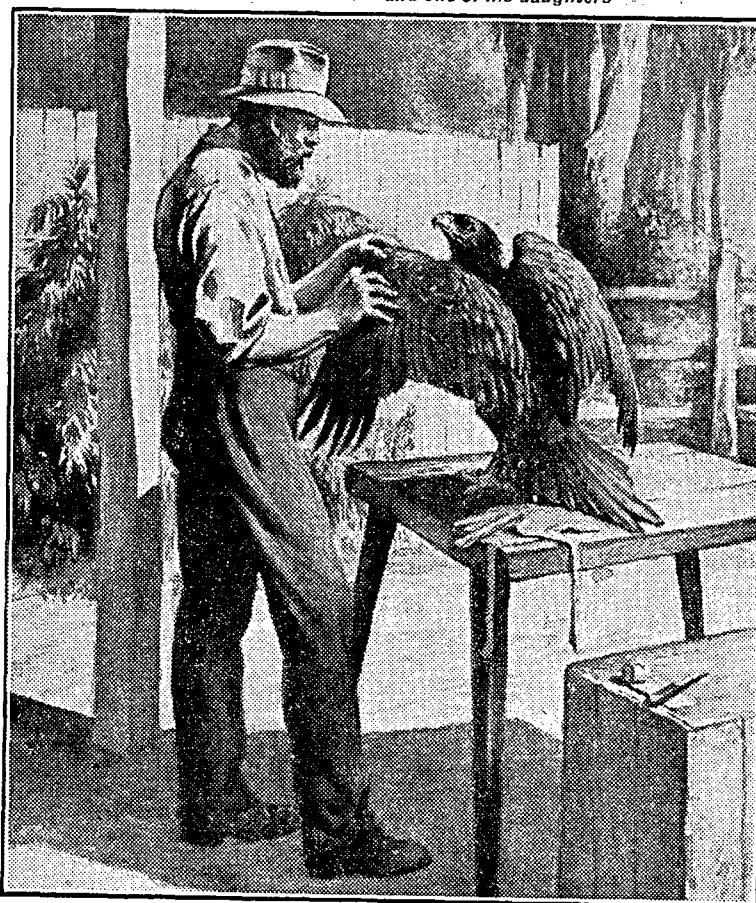
A Wooden Steed—Three girls are here seen enjoying an imaginary ride on a dead tree in Epping Forest which resembles some strange animal.



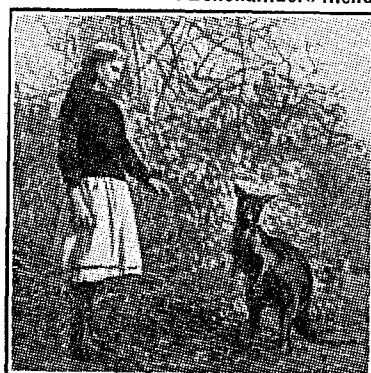
Parasols For Penguins—In order to protect the penguins at the London Zoo from the heat of the Sun some visitors have given them parasols. Here are the penguins gathering in the shade.



Thomas Bellchambers and one of his daughters



Mr. Bellchambers mending an eagle's broken wing



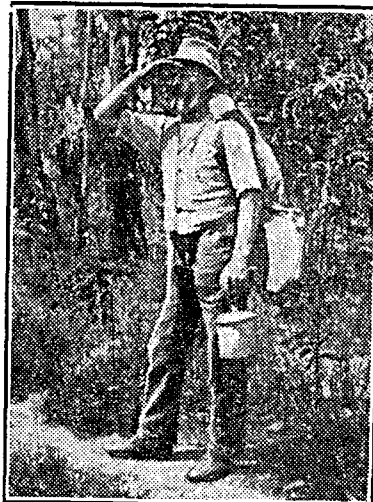
Miss Bellchambers and a wallaby friend



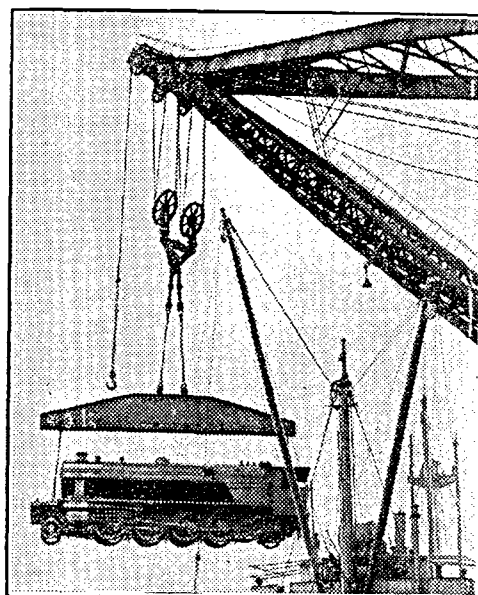
One of the tame wallabies of the Sanctuary



Wild fowl and a kangaroo gather round their old friend



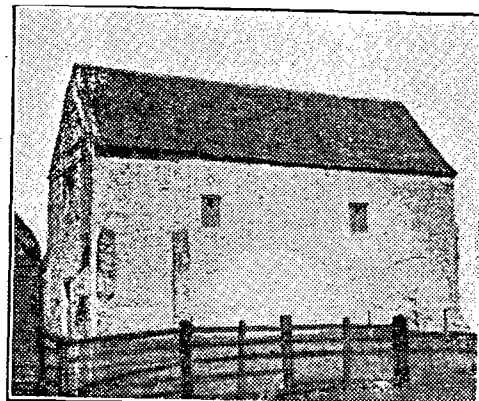
Thomas Bellchambers tramping through the bush



Lifting an Engine—Eleven new locomotives have been shipped from Newcastle for the Bombay and Southern Mahratta Railway. One of them is here seen being lifted by a giant crane.



Women Coaling a Ship—At Corcubion, in Spain, ships are coaled by women, who, as this picture shows, carry the baskets of coal on their heads.



Chapel of the East Saxons—This old chapel of St. Peter-on-the-Wall at Bradwell-on-Sea, Essex, which has just held its annual service, was built by St. Cedd nearly 1300 years ago.



A Giant Fungus—Here is a huge puff-ball weighing over 15 pounds which grew in a Hampshire garden. Slices of puff-ball fried with eggs and breadcrumbs make an excellent breakfast.

These pictures show Thomas Bellchambers in his Wild Life Sanctuary in South Australia. His work began when this century was but a few years old; a pathetic letter from Mr. Bellchambers on page 8 says that his work is nearly done.

ON THE FRINGE OF CIVILISATION

AERIAL CONQUEST OF THE NORTH

Carrying Supplies by Air to the Mining Camps

BEGINNING OF A REVOLUTION

The value of an air service is nowhere more evident than in northern lands where people are few and exploration is difficult. This is now being proved in the vast tracts of the Canadian Dominion on the fringe of civilisation.

The extreme northern part of the great Rocky Mountains range in British Columbia and Yukon, for instance, is being flown over where no man has ever trodden. Men are attracted there by the mineral wealth, and regions hitherto inaccessible, or only to be reached by dog sled in winter or by canoe on the rivers in summer, are being reached now by planes fitted with skis for landing on the snow, and by flying-boats in summer.

In Arctic Canada

As far north as the Arctic Circle there are hundreds of mining camps across Northern Canada to which food supplies and mining machinery are conveyed through the air. Miners reach their destinations; the minerals they have worked are brought southward; and their letters are carried to and fro.

Though the airway is free, as the surface of the Earth can never be till population increases and roads or railways are made, the difficulties are serious. Haze and fogs are frequent, and in some of the districts steady winds are always blowing. Most perplexing of all is the uncertainty of the compass as the North Magnetic Pole is approached. It is therefore necessary that there should be a good deal of experimental flying and careful observation as the airways to the north are gradually being tested and established; but that pioneer work is being steadily carried on while the world at large hears little or nothing about it.

A Quicker Mail Service

Slowly a great system of air service is linking these outlying regions of man's endeavours with the towns of Canada served by railways, and farther south with the United States, section by section. Edmonton in Alberta will soon have a weekly air service to Herschell Island in the Arctic Ocean. Already the service has reached Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River.

This use of the air in the north, where the air is the only passage that can be effectively used, is stimulating the flying services in the parts of Canada that are comparatively more thickly inhabited. For instance, the interchange of letters with the homeland is being quickened. People in England who correspond with friends in distant parts of Canada are being surprised by their letters being dated two days later than would have been possible a short time ago. The reason is that the mails are now carried by plane from central and eastern cities out to Rimouski, the last calling-place of ships on the great St. Lawrence River. Indeed there is an air-mail as far eastward as Anticosti Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

As in the remoter parts of Australia so, under greater difficulties, in Canada the establishment of regular skyways is the beginning of a beneficent revolution.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine. 210 hours	Aberdeen . 1.84 ins.
Rainfall. . 0.95 ins.	Edinburgh . 1.54 ins.
Dry days . . . 24	Dublin . . 1.38 ins.
Wet days . . . 6	Ross-on-Wye 1.34 ins.
Hottest day . . 19th	Southampton 1.06 ins.
Coldest day . . 30th	Liverpool . 1.04 ins.

A FARMER WANTS TO KNOW

A successful farmer in Western Australia, from whom we have previously received interesting letters, writes again and raises a number of points that are worth thoughtful consideration.

He wants to know why America sells to Australia motor machinery of six times greater annual value than the machinery Britain sells to the great Commonwealth.

Britain, he says, spends much money in relief of workless artisans while her trade is stolen right under her very nose.

Americans are so frequently in Australia studying markets and local conditions that they are unnoticed, while the visit of a British business man of importance is so unusual that the Australian papers regard him as a real prize.

No Serious Competition

What is the matter with British agricultural engineers? Thousands of American tractors are producing Canadian wheat, and Australia, too, is being served by them increasingly, and there is no serious competition.

A six-cylinder American car is being sold in Western Australia at £218, which is cheaper than the little Morris Cowley, and but £23 dearer than the Austin Seven.

Germany is introducing a single-cylinder semi-Diesel tractor for agricultural work, and it is selling rapidly at £600.

Britain can show the way to all the world in engineering skill. Then why is she not doing it through her adaptability to the world's requirements and her sales?

Our correspondent adds good advice to young men of the Public School type.

Many such pay a fairly heavy fee for a short course of training suitable for Australian conditions. Our correspondent thinks it is a mistake. It would be far wiser to bank the fee, find a job with a farmer in Australia, earn a weekly wage, and get experience for nothing.

Australian Farming

Here are some facts about Australian farming.

The typical West Australian bush can be cleared at a cost of thirty-three shillings an acre.

In ploughing 500 acres for wheat eight horses will walk 850 miles; in cultivating it another 500 miles; in harrowing it twice 600 miles; in seeding it 500 miles; in harrowing again 300 miles; in harvesting it 500 miles. Then there are 20 journeys to the railway, each with 100 bags of wheat—a distance of 24 miles each time from our correspondent's farm.

Fencing is a great item in Australian farming. A farm of 1000 acres requires about five miles of fencing, with 440 bored posts to each mile. Then there are the fenced sub-divisions into paddocks of 150 to 200 acres. Altogether a farm of 1000 acres would need about 20 miles of posts.

This is the kind of labour needed for the birth of a nation; but the time is coming when Australia will take her place as a great Power.

Peterborough Cathedral

Two banners are to be installed at Peterborough Cathedral on the spot where the body of Mary Queen of Scots lay until its removal to the Abbey.

100,000 Farthings

Over a hundred thousand farthings have been collected by the people of Guildford to provide wireless sets for invalids.

Cruelty is Cheap Today

The magistrates at Ilkeston, in Derbyshire, let off without a fine a man who kept two thrushes in a dirty cage without food or water.

BAD THINGS GOING

Six More Toll Gates Free

81 MORE TO GO

Some of the wooden walls of old England that nobody wants are coming down. Six of the toll bridges at Bath have been freed at one blow by the Marquess of Bath.

When the C.N. last had occasion to refer to these out-of-date obstructions to traffic there were still 88 of them in Great Britain. Now there are 81, because the King's Ferry Bridge between the Isle of Sheppey and the Kent mainland was declared free of toll for ever on July 1.

A Peculiarly Bad Example

The King's Ferry Bridge was a peculiarly bad example of these impositions, because it was the only road connection between the isle and the mainland, so that every traveller had to pay. But the six Bath bridges were freed with rejoicings which indicated the extent of popular relief.

The Marquess of Bath was armed with a copy in little of the Bath City Sword with which to slay what may be called the toll-bridge Dragon.

With his doughty sword the Marquess severed the rope that had been stretched across the Cleveland Bridge over the Avon. A thousand schoolchildren raised a cheer. Seven mayors applauded more discreetly. Maroons shot up and the toll-keepers at the five other Bath bridges, hearing the sound, flung their gates open.

A Costly Journey

The wonder is that the toll bridge and the toll gate have lasted in Britain for so long; but this is a land where old tolls and customs die hard. At any rate, we are better off than a century ago.

In a curious old account which the C.N. has inspected of the journey of the Archbishop of Armagh from London to Dublin in 1821 a close record is kept of the cost of the tolls and bridges on the way from London to Holyhead.

The tolls paid at the gates amounted to £4 15s. 5½d. for the journey, which was made by way of Barnet, St. Albans, Dunstable, Stony Stratford, Towcester, Daventry, Dunchurch, Coventry, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Shifnal, Heygate, Salop, Oswestry, Llangollen, Corwen, Keridge, Capel Curig, Tynemas, Bangor, Holyhead.

The journey with coach and six horses took a week and cost £78.

A GOOD THING DONE

Displaying the Elgin Marbles

A day is coming when the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum will be seen as they ought to be seen, and more as they were beheld when they adorned the Parthenon and Erechtheum.

Thanks to the trustees of the British Museum, where now the marbles stand bathed in half-lighted gloom, and thanks to the generosity of Sir Joseph Duveen, they are to be more suitably housed than they have been hitherto.

Then London, many of whose millions know the Elgin Marbles only by hearsay, will see the friezes of the Parthenon, and the River God, and mighty Theseus, and the Three Fates—not, indeed, as they came from the chisel of Phidias, nor yet as the Greeks saw them against the blue sky, but with something more of their beauty than is apparent now.

London will, we trust, be grateful and drink deeply of their beauty. But familiarity sometimes breeds indifference, for how many Londoners hurrying by one of the most thronged corners of Europe, Hyde Park Corner, look up to see the sculptured frieze on the portals of the park.

There, though not one Londoner in a thousand remembers it, is a sculptured replica of the Parthenon frieze.

DIRCK LOWERSEN OF STOCKHOLM

The Name on an Old Desk

264 YEARS AGO IN A VILLAGE NEAR THE SEA

*Dirck Lowersen van Stockholm.
Año 1665.*

In clear, boyish capitals this inscription has been carved into the wood of an oak desk in the ancient church of Blythburgh, in Suffolk, four miles from Southwold. It is just the old story, far older than its apparent 264 years, of the boy who used his pocket-knife when he should have been attending to his lessons. But what a romantic picture it conjures up.

Today Blythburgh is a tiny village of less than 500 souls, though its splendid church, one of the finest in Suffolk, is a landmark for miles round. But in 1665 it was an important town of 5000 people, the centre of the wool trade in the county, a wealthy manufacturing place, and a prosperous port.

A Fine Broad River

In those days the River Blyth, which flows into the sea between Southwold and Walberswick in a mud-banked stream not many yards wide when the tide is low, was a fine, broad river up which ships of big tonnage for their day had sailed for generations from the Low Countries, from Germany, and from Scandinavia. Now the river has silted up, and Blythburgh has dwindled to a little village.

In 1665 it was another story. Then foreign skippers used to pay regular visits throughout the year. Their ships remained at Blythburgh, discharging one cargo and loading another in its place for weeks at a time. Very often the sturdy captains would bring their families with them for the fun of the trip, and it is certain that there must have been many of them, so many that Blythburgh had to provide a special school to keep them out of mischief.

Schools in Churches

This school was in the chantry of the old church. It was no unusual thing to have schools in English churches. Indeed, they are still to be found, and as only a few years before Dirck Lowersen came on his first visit with his father Oliver Cromwell had stabled his horses in the nave, the people of Blythburgh welcomed the kindlier usage of their splendid church, on the site of which a Saxon king had worshipped a thousand years before Cromwell's day.

Dirck Lowersen, we may be sure, enjoyed his visit, and left his mark in English history. We know he ought to have been attending to his lessons, and we hate the idea of cutting names on trees and desks, but somehow we are glad, as we look at his name, that he was not quite a model schoolboy on that day in the year of the Great Plague.

THE BOY WHO KNEW WHAT TO DO

Leslie Ramsay's schoolboy chums are proud of him. He knows what to do when the occasion demands instant action.

Cycling in the Shaw Hall district of Hyde the other night he heard cries from a number of children playing by the side of a disused reservoir behind a mill. Jumping off his cycle he found a boy in the reservoir; he could just see the boy's head. He jumped in, swam about twenty feet to the boy, grabbed him, with difficulty swam with the now unconscious lad to the side, and held him up till help came to lift him out.

Then the two were drawn up to safety. Restorative exercises brought the rescued boy round.

Leslie is only fourteen. He doesn't think that what he did is worth talking about, but others will think differently.

ONE OF THE SUN'S NEIGHBOURS

THE BRIGHTEST STAR
NOW VISIBLE

A Model That Shows Us the
Vastness of Space

DO STARS COLLIDE ?

By the C.N. Astronomer

As soon as it is dark enough there may be seen almost overhead a very bright star, Vega, the brightest in the Northern Heavens.

It is the chief star of the small constellation of Lyra, the Lyre, and its prominence makes it quite easy to find some other marvels of the sky.

Vega is a magnificent sun calculated to be nearly two and a half times the diameter of our Sun, or about 2,165,000 miles. It is very much hotter, with a surface temperature of some 11,000 degrees Centigrade, compared with 5500 degrees of our Sun.

Vega is three times as far as Sirius, which accounts for Vega's appearing not so bright, their respective distances being 1,082,750 and 550,000 times as far as our Sun.

Our star-map shows some of the other more interesting objects in Lyra, which



The constellation of Lyra, showing the position, marked x, toward which the Solar System is travelling

will be dealt with in succeeding issues of the C.N., so it should be kept for reference. But these other objects are all much farther than Vega, which is really one of our Sun's nearest neighbours.

It is very impressive to reflect that, though Vega is so near compared with the great majority of the stars yet between our world and Vega, how terrific is the void of empty space. How vast this is may perhaps be realised if we attempt to construct a model of its dimensions compared with that of our Sun, our world, and the Solar System.

Suppose the Earth be represented as a scarcely perceptible speck of dust about one-hundredth of an inch in diameter, then nearly nine feet away be placed an inch ball to represent the Sun at his proportionate size and distance. Ninety yards away should be a grain of sand one-twenty-seventh of an inch in diameter to represent Neptune and the limits of the Solar System.

Speeding Through Space

Now, Vega would be represented by a ball nearly 2½ inches wide; but this ball to be at its proportionate distance must be placed 2868 miles away—somewhere in Canada, say, or nearly as far as New York.

It so happens that our world, the Sun, and the whole Solar System are travelling in the direction of Vega, or, to be exact, toward a point about twelve times the Moon's apparent width to the west of Vega. They are speeding at some 12 miles a second across this vast abyss so that it would take them about 104 million years to reach Vega, that is, if this great sun remained where it is.

But Vega also is speeding at a great rate in a north-easterly direction, so they can never meet. It is thus with all the stellar host; they have their appointed courses, involved though they appear to be, and there is no record or evidence of any ever colliding; and what wonder, when we consider the colossal regions of space in between each! Colliding suns are a picturesque but purely theoretical conjecture. G. F. M.

ICE-FREE PORT FOR SWANS

A Happy Little Story
From Sweden

By Our Natural Historian

Certain swans of Sweden may boast a triumph which has no rival in the affairs of men.

They managed to enjoy life and open water, which to them are much the same thing, when all around them was frozen, and they have a balance at the bank which will enable them to repeat the triumph in future.

That is more than Russia can do for herself in the North or East, more than Canada can ever do with her noble St. Lawrence River. A northern ice-free port Russia has never had, an ice-free river for the whole winter the St. Lawrence has never been. Yet something like it has been made for these swans.

When the bitter frosts of last winter set in the birds were in danger of perishing in the ice, so some thoughtful people took pity and showed their sympathy in a practical way. They opened a subscription and got together £500.

Freedom of the Seas

With this they were able to pay for labour to keep open the water in the great sound near Landskrona. There the birds prospered, benefiting by what we may call a freedom of the seas in miniature. Not only were they given freedom of movement and food to keep them alive; so well and economically was the work carried out that there remained after all a balance in hand of £200 upon which to build a new and larger fund for next winter.

If men could do internationally on a large scale what has been done by Sweden on a small scale the result would be of enormous consequence to the trade of the world. At present we cannot raise natural temperatures on any considerable scale in the open, and seas and rivers freeze and ports become solidly blocked.

When birds and animals are caught by the ice they are as helpless as ourselves. At the Zoo keepers have to exercise the shrewdest vigilance lest the water birds become frozen in their ponds. It is not so much that the cold is dangerous to them; the great risk is that in attempting to fly they may break legs imprisoned in the ice.

Polar Bears and the Weather

Even the Polar bears are glad to have the ice of their ponds broken for them. We are told by the papers that these animals from the Arctic detest our summers and love our winters. The truth is that they enjoy the warmth of our summers as much as we do. They have to face a temperature of 80 degrees in the Arctic at times.

Their thick coats keep heat out as well as cold. In winter they are apt to grow lethargic as the ice increases upon their ponds. They allow the ice to spread and collect; they are not like the human bathers who delight to break the ice in order to take their morning dip in the Serpentine.

When at large in the wilds hunger urges them to roam far for food; at the Zoo they are well fed and snug without the effort of a hunt, so they grow fat and lazy, inches thick with blubber beneath their furs; and they let the ice look after itself without an effort to secure a daily bath. E. A. B.

A NEW KIND OF WOOD

One of the most important uses to which straw has been put is that of making a new kind of wood called solomite. The straw is compressed, under a pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch, in a machine which interlaces it with wire. The machine can turn out four thousand square feet of board a day, and a remarkable feature of the wood is that it is fireproof.

SNOWDONIA

WHY NOT A NATIONAL
PARK ?

The Lovely Country of Wales
That Should Belong to All

LET US PRESERVE IT

The C.N. has good reasons for knowing that its readers, young and old, are lovers of natural beauty.

The thoughtful among them will at once see the need for preserving many such places in a way that will give all people a right to enjoy them. And the best way to secure this right is to have the nation as the owner. The nation, for example, owns the New Forest.

The British people need many more free, wild, and beautiful tracts of country, and happily they are beginning to feel their need. In Scotland there is a movement for making the great, wild, lonely Cairngorm range a National Park free to walkers and climbers. It is a splendid idea.

Beyond the Car

The English Lake District is, to a considerable degree, under wise public control, and nearly all its hills can be climbed without anyone objecting; but the whole of its mountains ought to be one great National Park.

Now the Forest of Dean is being discussed as another National Park; and Lord Bledisloe, who has rights in the Forest, has finely supported the suggestion in *The Times*. Following up Lord Bledisloe's proposal for this great recreation ground, so beautifully placed to serve Western England and South-Eastern Wales, the Secretary of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England renews the suggestion that the mountains of Snowdonia should become a National Park.

Unquestionably they should be. The British people, in every part of their land blessed with mountains, need freedom to walk and climb into the wild beauty to which the motor-car cannot penetrate. We notice with delight that at the Conference for the Preservation of the Countryside next October the principal subject is to be National Parks. The bolder the aims of the Conference are the better it will be. The Cairngorms, the Lake District mountains, the Forest of Dean, and Snowdonia all have claims to national ownership and reservation.

A Kingdom of Beauty

As regards Snowdonia, the secretary of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England quoted from a speech by Dr. Vaughan Cornish, the eminent geographer, this eloquent testimony:

When we penetrate the fastness of Snowdonia we find wild Nature no less fascinating in the nearer view, loveliest garden of wild flowers amidst splintered rock, and foaming cascades dashing through alpine pastures where the shepherd and his flock have wandered for countless generations.

This lovely land, accessible by railways, and already sufficiently traversed by motor-roads, now needs adequate regulation to prevent undue encroachment upon heights and byways which should be the paradise of the pedestrian. The creation of a National Park in the mountains of Snowdonia, whose gateways are the castles of antiquity, whose fastnesses have been the scene of heroic conflict, whose rocky heights challenge the prowess of the mountaineers, and whose swift streams are the delight of every eye, would be an achievement worthy of the Welsh nation, ever responsive to the poetry of patriotism.

What need is there for other witnesses? Heart and soul the C.N. will ever be a supporter of these calls to communion with Nature in her sublimest forms, and with the Nation as the guardian of its people's rights.



FOR CHILDREN

What parents are there who do not want their children to grow up sensibly thrifty, and to learn habits of responsibility? And what child does not know that with the aid of the kitchen table-knife and a little judicious shaking, his tin pillar-box will yield up its glittering contents?

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Toffee!

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TRUE TALES OF THE BIRD WORLD

We take these stories from the large number of very interesting letters sent in by C.N. readers about their bird friends.

A QUEER NEST

A Durham gentleman who has a house in the country, where he spends week-ends and holidays, went out to it to tidy up the garden.

On entering the room where he keeps his country hat he found a blackbird's nest built on the top of his hat. The nest had two eggs in it.

The window had been kept open a few inches at the bottom, and the blackbirds had entered the house and made free with its accommodation.

A NATURE NOTE FROM TASMANIA

Here is a tender Nature note on bird-life that comes to us from Tasmania, a famous apple-land on the other side of the Earth.

While gathering apples in the orchard I found a tiny goldfinch's nest into which an apple had fallen.

Lifting the nest carefully out of the branches to examine it, I found it neatly lined with hair from our own horse's mane and tail, and with little tufts of wool from the backs of the sheep that graze all over the hillside on which we live.

The outer structure was composed of hundreds of little twigs firmly and neatly intertwined. The little nest had not been occupied. Apparently the apple had fallen into the nest just as the nest had reached completion, and the bird's strength was not equal to the strain of removing it.

I felt very sorry for the little birds who had worked so hard and had made so many journeys in vain because of the accident of a falling apple.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF A THRUSH

Some birds, such as the lapwing, make a practice, as every observer knows, of enticing intruders from the neighbourhood of their nests by pretending to be lame and open to capture. Here is an instance of a thrush using somewhat similar tactics.

Among the birds we fed in the winter (writes a West Riding reader) was a thrush, which became very tame.

In the spring it found a mate and built a nest in a laurel bush opposite the sitting-room window. Presently there were five young ones in the nest, grown so big that it was a daily wonder how they managed to stay there.

Sitting in the window, I noticed the mother thrush behaving very strangely. She hopped sideways down the lawn away from the nest, fluttering her wings and chirping. We thought one of the little thrushes had left the nest and she was afraid it would be lost.

She came toward the window, fluttering and calling all the time; then suddenly a big cat jumped out at her. But nimbly she escaped into a tree, having in this way enticed the cat from the nest.

THE WAGTAIL'S WAYS

An old soldier, working in a quarry in the West Country, writes that while he was removing a heap of stones he found a wagtail's nest containing two eggs. He carried the nest complete to another heap of stones ten yards away.

Next day the mother bird had found her nest, and there were three eggs in it. At the time when our correspondent was writing the bird was sitting on five eggs, and he adds "It won't be the fault of the old soldier if she doesn't rear her family."

The noise in the quarry, what with the sound of the machinery and the blasting of the stone, reminds the old soldier at times of a London air raid, or of a bombardment at the Front, both of which are included in his experiences, yet that is the place the wagtail has chosen for her nest.

The wagtail's nest is a very difficult one to find. As the bird is one of the best friends the farmer has there are special reasons why all of us should wish well to this daring bird in the Gloucestershire quarry.

A GARDEN TRAGEDY

A C.N. reader down in Sussex sends us this note from his garden.

It is pleasant to be awakened by the cheerful talk of birds in the garden, and to watch the youngsters being fed by the busy parents on the dewy lawn.

This is the joy of life, full-blooded and compelling. But tragedy lies in wait for birds and men alike.

The other morning I went round the garden to see how the night had fostered plant-growth and found two fledgling sparrows dead on the lawn. The parents had abandoned hope and were busy with their usual morning jobs. The nest was not empty, and there were hungry mouths to feed. Black tragedy had overtaken two of the family, perhaps pushed over the edge of the nest by stronger brothers and sisters, but the day's work had to be faced, and Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow faced it with philosophic calm.

THE WAYS OF SWANS

A correspondent tells us about the ways of swans that have been rearing their young in recent years on Wroxham Small Broad in Norfolk, quite close to the railway.

There are two pairs of swans, each on its own stretch of water. In the winter the male birds had a fight for the most desirable water area. The defeated bird, driven ashore, had to reach its own quarters by crossing a public road bridge. That he was glad to do to elude his triumphant enemy.

The nest, says our correspondent, was a place of perfect seclusion, cut off from the Broad by wire and sheltered behind the railway, with a muddy ditch leading from it to the main river. The eight cygnets took to the water the next day after they were hatched.

So far our correspondent. Swans having once chosen a stretch of water as their own by right of possession will hold it for a long succession of seasons against all comers. It is the same with water ousels, or dippers, on moorland streams. The swans know every yard of their territory and its possibilities as a feeding range. But they become quite accustomed to the harmless, human frequenters of the river. No birds are braver in defence of their young, or more stern to them when they are able to go forth into the world and start life on their own account.

THE OLD HOME OF THE WRENS

A Buckinghamshire reader sends the C.N. a remarkable instance of what looks like habit transmitted by birds through many generations.

In company with his daughter he paid a visit to the scenes of his childhood. From 61 to 58 years ago he travelled daily three miles to his school, as was often the custom then. The journey took him and his fellow-school-boys alongside a dingle which had once been a Roman road. Projecting into the hollow from its side were the roots of a large tree that had at some time been cut down, and in among the roots, secret enough almost to defy discovery, the sharp eyes of the boys found a wren's nest.

Every year they watched the nest and the accumulation of its many eggs, and wondered what became of so large a family. So friendly were they that in the morning they crumbled some of their dinner bread near by, and found it gone when they returned, though the wren is mostly an insect-eater.

This all came back to our correspondent as he and his daughter traversed the old school-route, and when they reached the nesting-place they clambered down into the hollow, and there, in the very spot, was still a wren's nest! Apparently the site had been passed on from generation to generation for sixty years.

THE GOLD THIEVES

By T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Two schoolboys, Bruce Lyndall and Clive Winslow, finding themselves practically alone in England, decide to go out to their fathers, who are mining in Canada.

They arrive to find Mr. Lyndall faced with a serious robbery and the mysterious disappearance of his partner.

With Bleak Ricard the boys set out in pursuit of the thieves.

CHAPTER 7

The Cleverness of Clive

BRUCE dropped beside Clive, who was lying face down in the mud which covered the bottom of the pit, and lifted his head.

"Hurt, old man?" he asked anxiously.

"N-no," gasped Clive. "Wind knocked out of me, that's all. But what's happened?"

"Why, we just walked slap into a trap the thieves set for us," replied Bleak. "Only they didn't reckon there'd be more than one chap on the trail," he added, with a grim chuckle.

"That's funny," said Bruce sharply.

"Why do you say that?" asked Clive.

Bleak went rather red. Of course, he was thinking of what his father had said about Clive's father being the thief. Although he had so stoutly denied his belief in anything of the kind, it was a tremendous relief to get proof like this that there really was a gang, for it must have taken several men some time to dig this pitfall.

"Well, it is funny," he said lamely. "I don't see why they should think only one man would be following."

"It would have been mighty awkward for that one man," said Bleak, "for I don't reckon he'd ever have got out of this pit by himself. But as there's three of us we oughtn't to have much trouble. You climb on my shoulders, Bruce, and spring up. You ought to be able to catch hold. Then you can let a rope down and we'll soon be out. But take off your boots first."

Bleak did as he was told, and Bleak, leaning against the wall, hoisted him as high as he could. Bruce jumped and caught the edge, but the loose stuff broke away and he dropped back.

"Try the other side," said Clive. "There's stone there."

The second attempt was successful. Bruce lugged himself up, then he helped Clive out, and between them they pulled up Bleak. Bleak looked back into the pit.

"We came out of that mighty well, boys. After this I guess we keep our eyes skinned. Likely we'll find a few more little surprises for us along the road."

"Yes, but who were they afraid of?" questioned Bruce. "If they had Uncle Quen with them I don't see who they thought was coming after them. They must have known Dad was laid up."

"I'll allow it's funny," said Bleak. "Anyway, they weren't taking any chances," he added, with a grin. "But we'll have time to talk it over while we eat. Let's get the stuff to the head of the rapids and have our dinner."

After dinner the boys were glad to rest, but Bleak went prowling about, examining the ground.

"There's not a lot of sign left," he grumbled, when he came back. "The rain's washed out most of it. But there were three of 'em. I'm sure of that much, and one's a big chap. I reckon he weighs all of two hundred pounds. And it looks to me another man has passed since the three went on."

"Another man?" said Bruce. "Then why didn't he fall into the pit trap?"

"Now you're asking something I can't tell you," replied Bleak; "but I'm willing to gamble there were two canoes."

Clive looked interested.

"Perhaps my Dad wasn't taken away by them. Perhaps he followed them."

Bleak shook his head.

"If he'd been going to do that he would surely have let Mr. Lyndall know."

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed Clive unhappily. "The only thing is to catch them as soon as possible."

"That's good sense, son," said Bleak.

"If you're rested, let's be moving."

They moved. They kept on moving. Two paddled, the third relieving at regular intervals, and the pace they travelled was surprising. But the boys learned more than merely how to drive a canoe, for wherever they landed or when they made a portage Bleak had their noses to the ground, hunting

sign. He showed them how one track differs from another, how to tell when a man is carrying a load by the way his heels sink into soft ground, and by the length of the steps. He pointed out good camping grounds. He showed them how to make a fire when all the woods are dripping with rain, and how to build a bush shelter against the wind. He instructed them in the art of tagging, or towing, a canoe up a rapid without damaging it. There was much more than this, for he pointed out the trails of various animals, bear, wolf, moose, beaver, and many other denizens of the great northern forest, and showed them how to trail these creatures. He gave them lessons in shooting and fishing.

"The bacon we've got isn't going to last very long, and we've got to live on the country. There's plenty to eat in the woods if you know how to find it—birds, squirrels, rabbits, and fish. Give me a knife and some string and a few fish hooks, and even if I have no gun I reckon I wouldn't starve."

As they pushed up the river it grew narrower and swifter. Rapids became more frequent, and it was real hard work portaging the packs and canoe up the steep bush trails. On the fourth morning they came to something that was not a rapid but a fall, where the whole river came thundering down over a thirty-foot ledge of limestone. They drove the canoe into the right-hand bank, landed, and began to unload. By this time the boys knew their job so well that there was no need for orders. Clive shouldered his load and started, then all of a sudden he stopped, dropped it, and turned to Bleak.

"No sign," he said.

Bleak went forward and examined the ground. When he turned there was a light of real admiration in his eyes.

"You can sure use your eyes, Clive. You're right. They haven't been this way at all."

Clive flushed a little at the praise, but before he could ask any questions, Bleak went on:

"They're smarter than I reckoned, but I guess I know what they've done. They must have left the river about two miles back and crossed the Height o' Land." He began stowing the packs back into the canoe. "In you get. Thanks to Clive here, we haven't lost more than an hour."

CHAPTER 8

A Dead City

BLEAK was right for, when, after backtracking for a couple of miles, they landed again, he was able to show them the familiar tracks going straight up the bank into the woods. Two hundred yards back they came to a camp site with the ashes of a fire. A quantity of splinters and shavings lay around. Bleak pointed to these.

"What do ye make o' that, boys?"

Bleak and Clive started prowling round, but presently Clive began to push on up the hill. Bleak watched him with a faint smile on his weather-beaten face.

Clive came back. He looked eager yet somewhat puzzled.

"They've made some sort of sledge and dragged the canoe right up the hill," he said. "But what they've done that for fairly beats me."

Bleak nodded. "Right every time, Clive. That's just what they have done; and they've got two reasons. One was to throw us off the trail, the other to get easier travelling into the North."

Clive laughed. "Hauling a canoe up hill doesn't seem to me the easiest sort of travelling, but I suppose there's a river in the next valley."

"That's it, son. She's the Lizard Creek and she runs due North. If you remember, I spoke of their crossing the Height o' Land. I reckon you Britishers would call it the Watershed. It means a bit of real hard work for half a day, but after that we're running pretty with the current."

"Then I suppose we'd better make a sledge and do the same," said Clive.

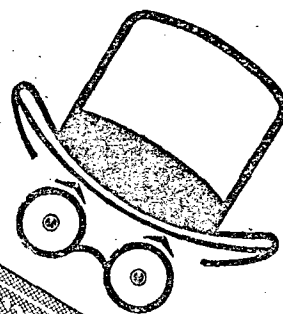
"Precisely," answered Bleak as he picked up an axe and started on a convenient tree.

It took them about two hours to build a rough sledge on which the canoe and its load was cradled. Then they had dinner and a rest, after which they tailed on to the draw rope and started to haul the sledge up the long slope. The woods lay drowsy in the heat of the August afternoon; perspiration poured down the faces of the three toilers as they made their slow way upwards. Luckily they had a plain trail to follow and that saved a deal of time. Even so, it was nearly sundown before they

Continued on the next page

ROWNTREE'S ALMOND BAR

"It's new, it's delicious. Get some at the sweet-shop on the way home."



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This is how Mrs. L. B. of Sheffield wrote about the Welco Swing on June 26—"I must say how delighted the children are with it. I see hours of pleasure in store. It is well made and real honest value."

This splendid British Engineering job costs only 40/- and amazes everyone. A large size swing, guaranteed proof against all weathers. Height 7 ft. Depth 7 ft. Width 9 ft., complete with All Steel Rods and Rexine covered seat. No foundations to dig, yet firm as a rock.

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SHE'S as vigorous as her school-boy brothers—and as hard on clothes, Mother says.

BUT the "Liberty" was made for her. It fits so snugly, gives correct support, yet leaves her eager figure free.

THE soft, knitted fabric expands for breathing and exercise. Porous—it graduates cooling after heated games.

AND the "Liberty" washes and wears so splendidly that it outlasts many cheaper garments

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★Ask your draper to show you the "Liberty" Bodice Combie. It has all the qualities of its famous twin, and it is expressly designed for those who prefer the perfect combination.

CHUMS

The Paper for Manly Boys

EVERY SATURDAY 2d.

reached the top of the ridge, where they stopped to take breath.

Clive, always eager, walked on a little way through the low-growing trees which covered the crest of the hill. All of a sudden he came running back. "Bleak!" he exclaimed, his eyes shining with excitement, "there's a town just ahead of us."

Bleak's eyes widened. As for Bruce he gazed suspiciously at his cousin. "The sun's been a bit too much for him," he said. "Nothing of the sort," snapped Clive. "If you don't believe me come and look."

He started back again and the other two followed. About a hundred paces on the hill-side broke away in a steep slope which ran down half a mile or a little more to a good-sized stream. On the near side of the river was a level space ten or twelve acres in extent, and on it a town. Not much of a town, for there was only one street with perhaps a score of houses on either side. But they were real houses with glass windows reflecting the red light of the setting sun, and there appeared to be a couple of hotels and even a sort of town hall.

For a full minute the three stood gazing at this utterly unexpected sight. Bruce was the first to speak. "Is it a mirage?" he asked. "Or have I got sunstroke, too?"

Bleak laughed. "It's real enough, son. I guess it's one of these mining settlements; but I've never been here before, and I never knew there was any kind of a town anywhere near."

"It's a bit of luck for us," said Bruce. "We can buy some fresh stores; and it wouldn't be a bad idea to have supper to-night at one of those hotels."

Clive laughed. "You lazy beggar! You always did bar cooking. He turned to Bleak. "Would it be safe to leave our stuff up here and go down?"

"So long as we hang our grub packs up in a tree I guess the canoe will be safe enough. I'm not so sure we'll be as safe in that place below."

The quick-witted Clive caught his thought. "You mean the thieves might be in the town?"

Bleak pursed his lips. "They might, but if they're not there's others."

Bruce grinned. "Hotel keepers? Yes, some of them are thieves, but we can keep our end up, can't we?"

Continued in the last column

JACKO DOES THE TRICK

JACKO's Aunt Maria had a tiresome habit of dropping her pocket-handkerchiefs. Jacko didn't know this till she came to stay with them. At breakfast the very first morning she exclaimed "Oh dear! I have dropped my handkerchief!"

"Jacko will find it for you," said Mother Jacko.

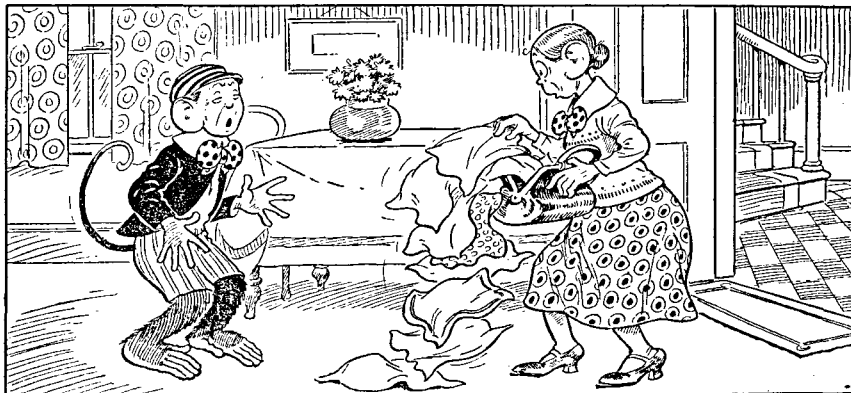
And he did; it was on the landing, half-way up the stairs. That was at breakfast.

"What's the matter, Maria?" asked Father Jacko at dinner.

"I've dropped my handkerchief," said Aunt Maria.

"Here it is!" cried Jacko, diving under the table and picking it up.

The next time it was lost it was Adolphus who found it; it had slipped down



"Why, the bag is full of them!" she cried

between the cushions of the big basket chair where he had settled himself for the afternoon, and he was none too pleased at being disturbed.

Aunt Maria was very grateful to them all, especially to Jacko, for it was generally his sharp eyes that spotted the elusive handkerchief.

But Jacko soon got tired of that game. One morning he danced upstairs to his mother's room, fumbled about in her big chest of drawers till he found what he wanted, and hung about till he got a chance of going to Aunt Maria's handbag.

He opened it, stuffed something inside, and had only just put it back on the sofa when in came his aunt.

"Atishoo!" cried Jacko.

"Bless you!" said Aunt Maria pleasantly.

"Atishoo!" cried Jacko loudly. "Atishoo! Atishoo!"

"Dear, dear!" said his aunt, growing alarmed. "Here, dear!" and she took up her bag and pulled out a pocket-handkerchief.

But with one came another—and another!—and another!—and another!

"Good gracious!" she cried, quite bewildered. "Why, the bag is full of them!"

And then she caught sight of Jacko's face—and the young scamp fled.

"We'll try mighty hard," said Bleak. "Let's put our grub safe and shift down."

The food packs were slung high enough to be out of reach of what Bleak called varmint—that is wolves and wolverines—and the three went down the hill towards the little town. By this time the Sun had set and the landscape was bathed in the soft yellow light of the afterglow. At some previous time the hill-side had been cleared of trees—probably for timbering the mine and for firewood—but a thick undergrowth had sprung up which covered their approach. Coming nearer, they were struck by the curious silence which brooded over the place. There was no sound of voices or traffic and no smoke rose from the chimneys.

"The place is deserted," said Clive. "Just that," agreed Bleak. "She's a dead town."

"That's the rummiest thing I ever heard of," said Bruce.

"Nothing rum about it, son. The West is full of 'em. The mine makes the place, then the lode peters out, and the folk shift out. Sometimes they don't even trouble to take their stuff along."

They went into the first house they came to. It had been a store of some sort, for there was a counter and the wall behind was lined with shelves. These, the counter, and the floor were thick with dust. Some barrels stood against the far wall, but they were empty. A stove red with rust was in the centre. The whole place had a most mournful appearance. Clive shivered.

"I'd hate to spend the night here," he said. "I'd feel as if the ghosts of the people who once lived here were flitting about."

As they turned towards the door there was a sharp splintering sound and the barrels of a shot gun were poked through the window. "Put up your hands," came a queer, quavery voice.

All three raised their hands quickly and stood staring at an old man who was regarding them from behind his gun. He was quite small, had a grey beard and whiskers and was neatly dressed in funny, old-fashioned clothes. On the lapel of his coat was pinned the silver badge of a marshal or policeman.

"So I've got you after all," he said with grim satisfaction. "Now march out and walk before me to the lock-up."

TO BE CONTINUED

The Paper for the Modern Schoolgirl! SCHOOL-DAYS

Every Saturday, 2d.

FATHER: I'm glad it's Saturday again.

JIMMY: So am I. Saturday is Ambrosia day.

MOTHER: Jim is just reminding you not to forget the AMBROSIA Milk Chocolate. He takes some with him every day for his Lunch at School.

FATHER: I was thinking of the Garden.



MOTHER: You had better bring a half-pound Block as well as the 6d. Chubby Bar. A piece of Ambrosia Chocolate will keep you going when gardening, and it does not make you thirsty.

JIMMY: Yes, buy a half-pound as well

as the Chubby Bar, then we won't have to break into my Bar before Monday.

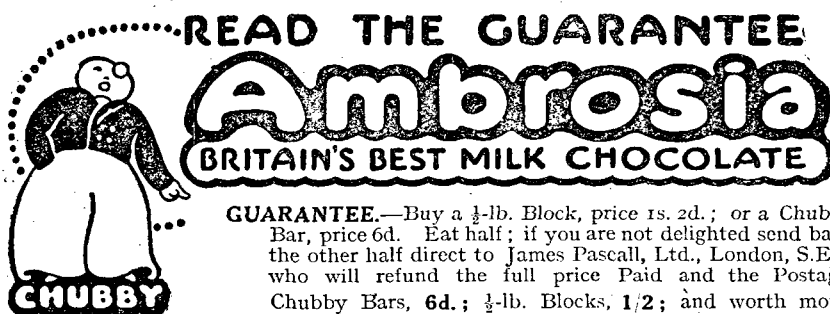
FATHER: So a Chubby Bar just lasts you the week. I suppose you have one division every day?

JIMMY: Yes, but Mother likes Milk Chocolate as well.



MOTHER: AMBROSIA is the one Milk Chocolate I like. The chocolate flavour is so fully developed, and we know it is the only Milk Chocolate made with Ambrosia Devonshire full-cream milk. Ambrosia is full of nourishment, and is always enjoyable.

JIMMY: I could keep on eating it.



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Ambrosia is made by Pascall therefore the BEST that can be made. Sold by nearly all good Confectioners.

W.G.H.

DOES THE BRAIN RULE THE MIND? OR THE MIND RULE THE BRAIN?

Sir Oliver Lodge contributes to the current number of My Magazine a most interesting article on this absorbing subject. It is sure to create a great deal of interest.

But that is what My Magazine does every month, for it deals with the things that matter in a way that all can understand.

Here are some more of the things in the August number, which is now on sale everywhere.

Buchan and His Cold Snaps

The Man Who Forecast Our Cold Spells in Summer.

How Life Goes

The Way the Animals Get About the World.

A Strange Chapter of a Queer Country

An Interesting Story from Abyssinia.

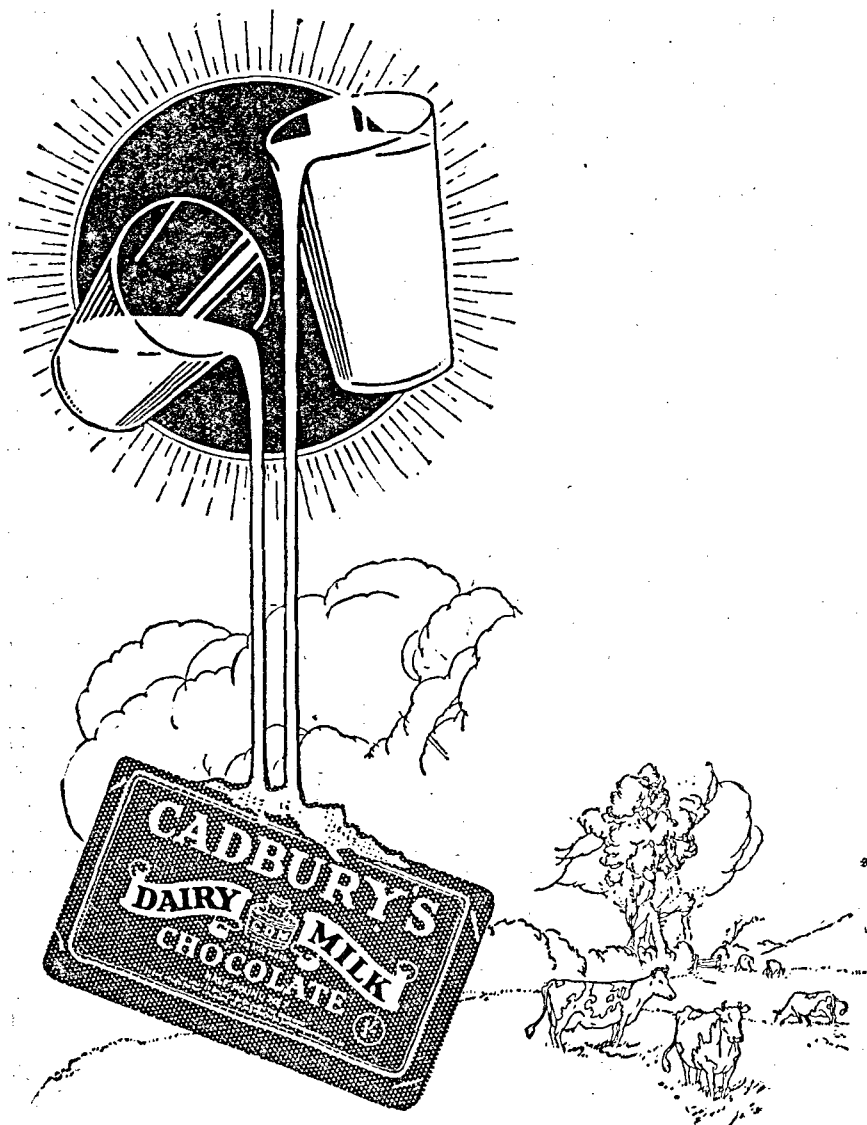
Jan Smuts of the British Empire

A Really Great Man.

MY MAGAZINE

Arthur Mee's Monthly

You can taste the cream!



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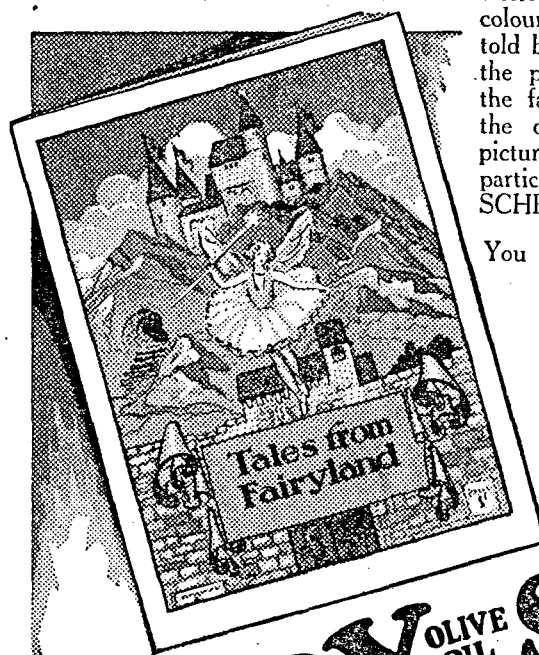
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The Pilotless 'Plane!

The name Mackenzie-Richards should be written in letters of gold on a national scroll of fame, as that of a man who hesitated not to sacrifice all for a friend! Read his gallant story in this week's

MODERN BOY 2d.

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HODDER & STOUGHTON

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 20, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

How Many Officers?

In a certain battalion of soldiers there were 650 men of all ranks. The square of the number of commissioned officers is equal to the number of non-commissioned officers and privates.

How many commissioned officers were there? *Answer next week*

Wild Flower of the Week

Eyebright

THIS pretty little, much-branched plant of the pasture lands has reddish flowers streaked with yellow and purple, which grow in loose, leafy spikes. Country people used to think that goldfinches, linnets, and other birds made use of the plant to improve the eyesight of their young, and so they also used it as a medicine for weak eyes. It has, however, no value for such a purpose. Eyebright is quite common in Britain, and is found also in the Arctic and high up on Alpine summits.



The Arrowrock Dam

THE Arrowrock Dam across the River Boise in Idaho is the highest irrigation dam in the world. It is 350 feet high and 1075 feet across, and by means of about a thousand miles of canals it waters about two hundred thousand acres of land.

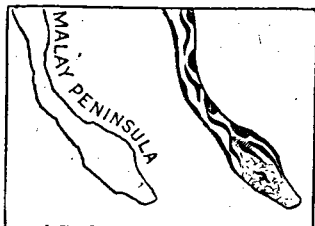
An Enigma

My name no doubt you'd like to know. Although my face you've seen Disfigured o'er with many a scar I've ne'er in battle been. When brother would with brother talk

I take my place between; They welcome me with outstretched hand And countenance serene. I help the poor, I help the rich; The King upon his throne Does not despise me for his friend, Although I'm poor you'll own. When news arrives from some far place I'm sure to show my branded face.

Answer next week

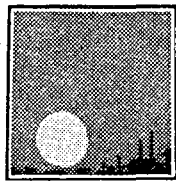
Pictures from the Atlas



Here is another picture from the atlas—the Malay Peninsula turned into a snake.

Other Worlds Next Week

In the morning the planets Venus, Jupiter, and Mercury are in the North-East. In the evening Mars and Neptune are in the North-West and Saturn is in the South. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 11 p.m. on July 22.



Missing Consonants

FILL in the missing consonants and make the words described.

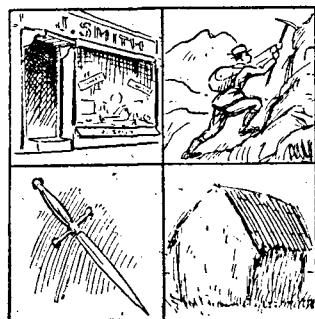
xExlxAx—A bird.
xxlxxxExAxx—A small fish.
xlxAxx—A reptile.
xlxxOxOxAxUx—An animal.
AxAxYxxlxA—A flower.
AxExxYxx—A precious stone.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE sedge warbler, willow warbler, hedge accentor, and blackcap cease singing. The turtle dove is last heard. Second broods of goldfinches are fledged. The grayling, butterfly, and swallowtail moth are seen. The burying and musk beetles and the large marsh grasshopper appear. The note of the great green acrida is heard. Apricots are ripe. Hemp agrimony, great yellow loosestrife, fleabane, burdock, dwarf elder, teasel, hairy mint, and red hemp nettle are in bloom.

Picture Puzzle



FIND the names of these objects and then, by taking two consecutive letters from each word, spell the name of something to which all boys and girls are looking forward.

Answer next week

Double Jumbles

EACH line of mixed letters makes the names of the two things described when the letters are rearranged.

PAVECABLICKRP. A bird with a black crown and a venomous snake.

DRILLCROUNCOOFEDE. A ferocious amphibious reptile and a small flat-fish.

MUCHAKETARNIGEIRO. A garden flower with brilliant blossoms and a potato-like vegetable.

Answer next week

The Words We Speak and How They Came

Exaggerate. Old customs and practices have given us many of our common words, but they now convey nothing of their original meaning. Take *exaggerate*, for instance.

This literally implies the throwing up of a mound of earth for a fortification, a practice very common in ancient times, and common enough now when so many ancient warlike practices have been revived. The larger the mound the better the fortification, and soon exaggerate came to mean erecting a pile or heap for any purpose.

Ici On Parle Français



Une urne La perruque La roue

On porte l'urne par les deux anses. La perruque était à la mode alors. Cette roue est parfaitement ronde.

A Puzzle Story

Exasperating

THERE was once a crotchety old gentleman who disliked specialists of all kinds.

He was very fond of saying that a specialist is one who knows more and more about less and less! He was always very down upon the people who make themselves versed in any one department of study. Whenever anything went wrong he would be sure to blame it on to them, and would growl, "E----- again!" (The last two words have all the letters in Exasperating.)

One day a specialist in food told him that for the sake of his health he should become a vegetarian. So he went into a restaurant where there was a fixed price for the dinner and ate a great deal of a certain vegetable he liked. When the bill came he discovered that this dish was not included in the fixed price, and that the charge would be extra. He was very angry to receive the verdict "S----- extra!" (The last two words have all the letters in Exasperating.)

What are the two missing words? *Answers next week*

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Charade. Welfare, farewell.

A Numerical Enigma
Levi, evil, live, vile.

Beheaded Word. Tweed, weed, Dee.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

P	E	A	H	O	L	I	D	A	Y	R	E	D
L	O	C	K	K	O	R	E	A	S	O	R	E
E	N	T	E	R	D	E	N	A	T	T	A	R
A	S	N	O	R	E	I	N	D	I	A	I	
S	S	N	E	S	S	Z	E	A	L	B	D	
U	N	W	E	D	T	E	E	M	E	T	R	E
R	O	O	T	T	A	R	N	S	S	E	A	R
E	W	E	A	R	R	E	S	T	S	A	N	S

Dr. MERRYMAN

Starvation Diet

AN American tourist was admiring the Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square. Wishing to make a joke at the expense of his guide, a dour Londoner, he asked how often the lions were fed.

"Every time they roar, sir," was the quiet reply.

A Bad Memory

JOHNNIE, the bad lad, was late home from school.

"Kept in again, sonnie?" queried his proud parent.

"Yes, Dad. I didn't know where the Horse Latitudes were."

"Ah, my boy," said his father, "you should remember where you put things."

A Tall Title



WHEN up a tree a jungle prince Climbed with uncommon spryness, The baby elephant remarked "That's why he's called Your Highness!"

His First Impression

LITTLE Willie's favourite uncle had arrived.

"Hallo, old chap!" said Uncle.

"And how do you like school?"

"I like it best closed," was Willie's reply.

The Little Man

Two little hands,
Dimpled and fat,
Two little feet
That patter and pat,
Two bright eyes
Of heaven's own blue,
Two little arms
Thrown around you.
One little chin
Dimpled with fun,
Two little legs
That sturdily run.
Two little ears
And two little cheeks,
One little mouth
That treasured word speaks.
One little brain
Full of wondrous thought,
Quick to absorb
Whatever be taught.
One little soul,
Spotless and white,
God give us grace
To train him aright.



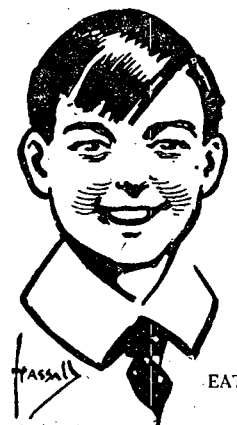
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Healthy boys and girls thoroughly enjoy Sharp's Eaton Toffee. Pure and wholesome—extremely delicious in flavour.

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SHARP'S
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A plain toffee with the natural flavour of the pure ingredients.

The same quality toffee as "Plain Eaton" but coated with delicious chocolate.

4
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4



WHO WAS HE?

"AM I not a bonnie fighter?" exclaims with pride one of the most captivating characters that Robert Louis Stevenson ever drew.

Today most of the world's fighting is done with tongues, not with swords or guns, and so may it be for ever! One of the bonniest fighters who ever took part in English politics died almost on the eve of the Great War.

Born in London, he was educated for business, and in it he succeeded as a manufacturer till he had made an ample fortune, and was the best-known man in a great

provincial city. There he began his public life as an educational and municipal reformer.

At first he was regarded as a very advanced politician.

In those days, fifty years ago, there was no department of public life that did not need the attention of a great fighter. In rural England there was no such thing as popular government. Most of the country people were not voters. Parties were not organised. Wealth did not bear its fair share of the cost of government. He was the hope of millions who wished to see great changes.

As a debater in Parliament he at once showed himself a master of speech, and by and by he began to follow a course of his own and to break away from his Party.

New questions arose on which he had views of his own. He was an Imperialist with strong beliefs in linking closer together the overseas part of the Empire with the Motherland. Finally he began to feel that Free Trade, the traditional policy of Great Britain, should be changed, suggesting that the country should go back even to a tax on foreign corn.

A BONNIE FIGHTER

Always bold and outspoken, he set himself the task of converting the country to this view; but he failed, after exertions that broke down his health. At one time it appeared probable that he



would be Prime Minister, but he put aside that ambition. However, he left sons who may yet attain that honour. Here is his portrait. Who was this bonnie fighter?